HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

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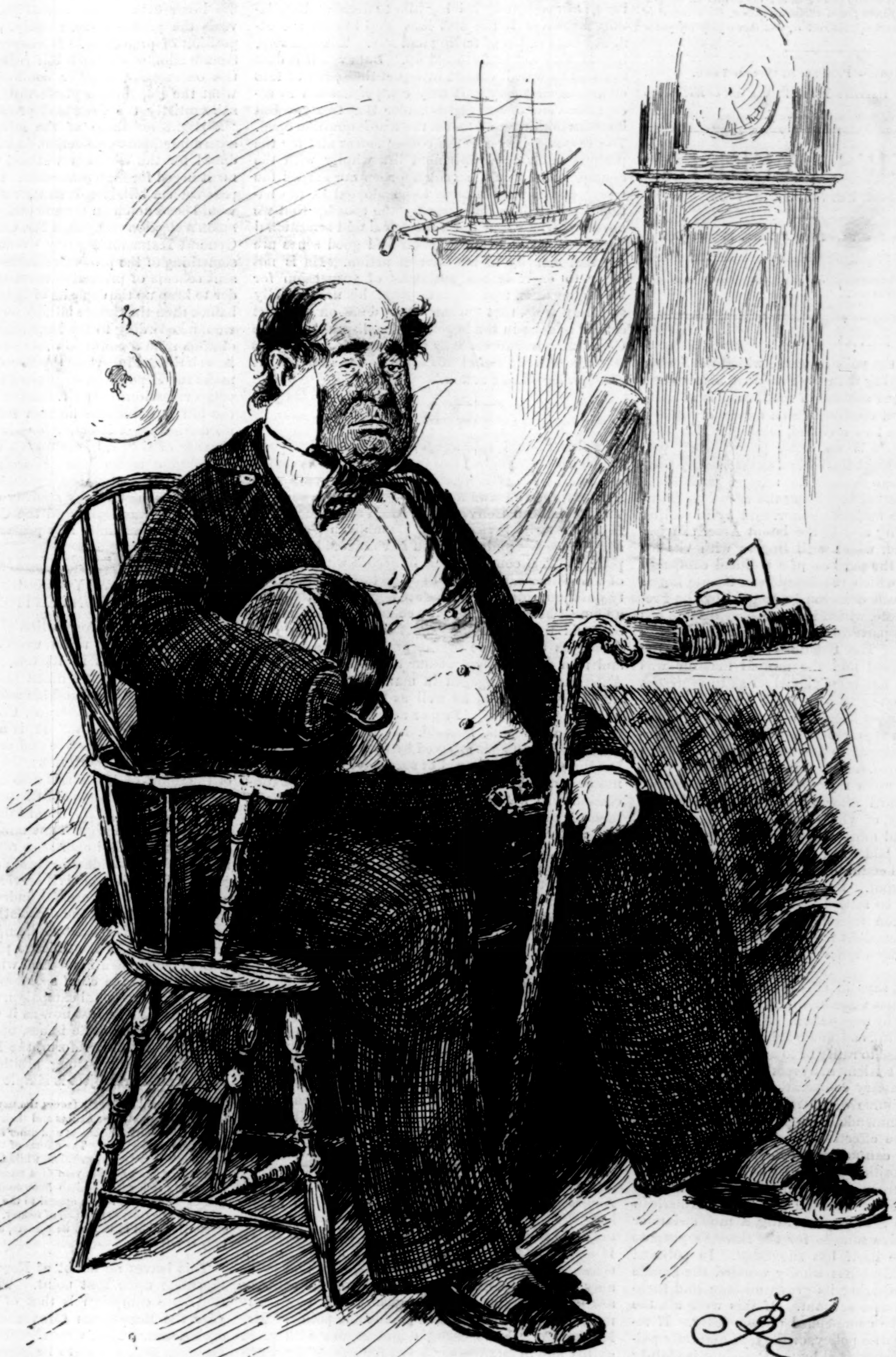

W. J. FLORENCE AS "CAPTAIN CUTTLE."—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 671.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

RETALIATION.

AS a stroke in the political game which the Senate has been playing with the President, his message proposing a certain scheme of retaliation is admirably effective. But retaliation as a means of settling a dispute between two civilized, intelligent, English-speaking neighbors is no better policy when proposed by the President than when authorized by Congress. Undoubtedly whatever advantage is to be gained in the election by raising the cry of vigorously redressing the national honor, and by appealing to the Irish feeling and to the latent American jealousy of England, which still lingers with vitality enough to serve the purpose of a political campaign—an advantage which the Republican Senate hoped to obtain—has been dexterously secured by the President. The Senate, which in the fishery dispute has been much more partisan than patriotic and wise, is left discomfited. The Senatorial game since the treaty was proposed and the annual message was sent to Congress has been played so as to represent the President as engaged in ruining American industry for the benefit of English interests, and as abandoning American rights to British insolence and cunning. The object was to arouse the jealousy which we have mentioned, and to propitiate the Irish vote. But in insisting upon rejecting the treaty instead of postponing it until after the election, the Senate made a false play, of which its shrewd opponent has taken prompt and most effective advantage. If the treaty had been laid over, the cry of Executive servility to England could have been continued, and the treaty cited as proof. But by declaring that the dispute was not to be settled by negotiation, but by retaliation, and then rejecting the treaty, the Senate opened to the President the decisive move which he has made, and which turns the Senators' game against themselves.

The President says in effect that there are serious grievances against Canada which he had sought to settle honorably by negotiation. A treaty was framed which he still thinks adequate and fair. But the Senate having refused to ratify or to amend it, and preferring to compel a settlement by retaliation, his plan fails for want of necessary co-operation, and he will now take the only course which remains, and which the Senate has recommended, except that he will make it very much more effective by striking at Canada a blow which she cannot return in kind. This leaves him not in the position of servility to British interests, but, on the contrary, makes him apparently a more stalwart defender of national honor and American rights than the Senate, presenting a much simpler and more effective scheme for the Senate's purpose than the Senate itself has suggested. In political tactics the President has wholly worsted the Senate by instantly perceiving its grave mistake and turning it to the utmost account. If this were all, the message could be commended unreservedly. If retaliation were a wise policy, or the true and only policy, the scheme suggested by the President is plainly much better adapted to its purpose than that of the Senate. But nothing has happened which affects the fact that negotiation is the proper way in which to settle such a dispute as that of the fisheries, or which makes friendly relations with Canada less desirable. Mr. SHERMAN, in his speech of the 7th of August, severely deprecating any controversy with Great Britain, and desiring the most cordial relations with Canada, based his opposition to the treaty upon the fact that instead of healing it would aggravate irritation between the two countries. But that was a reason, not for abandoning negotiation, but for amending the treaty. But the President has taken the Senate at its word, and regarding as final its declaration that the question should not be settled by negotiation, he has turned to the remaining alternative.

Retaliation, however, is a very uncertain policy, a fact of which the Senate is fully conscious, and therefore in passing its measure of reprisals against Canada, it threw upon the President the responsibility of deciding when and whether the situation existed which would justify them. The Senate knew all the facts, and assumed that it did exist, but preferred to shirk the responsibility of declaring non-intercourse, in the hope of entrapping and discrediting the President by leaving him to decide. Retaliation, moreover is the first long step toward the utmost exasperation of feeling and war. The first step, indeed, may not be followed up. But even if it does not lead to war, it cannot interpret the treaty of 1818 or any other treaty. It may compel Canada to accept our view of our rights under that treaty. But it settles nothing, and leaves the whole question open. The responsibility for the consequences and for the postponement of a settlement lies wholly with the Senate, which would neither approve nor amend the treaty, and if retaliation is to be adopted as the national policy, it is fortunate for the country that we have a patriotic and not a theatrical and sensational Executive, for his conservatism and good sense are the best security of his discreet action. He is not eager to exercise the authority of suspension for which he asks, and he says what he undoubtedly sincerely feels, that "whatever is done on our part should be done in the hope that the disposition of the Canadian government may remove the occasion of a resort to the additional executive power now sought through legislative action."

WHAT IS THE QUESTION?

IN his annual message of last December, upon which the election of this year will pronounce the popular verdict, the President recommended a revision of the tariff laws in order to reduce the surplus. The Republican Convention of 1884 also declared in favor of tariff revision, and Republican Presidents and Secretaries and statesmen have favored the same policy. This course also is in accord with the view of wise American leaders that the tariff is not a party question, since all parties are agreed that the revenue must be raised chiefly by customs. "This method," said the President, "must be extensively continued as the source of the government's income, and in a readjustment of our tariff the interests of American labor engaged in manufacture should be carefully considered as well as the preservation of our manufacturers." Proper revision of the tariff to reduce the surplus, he said, might diminish somewhat the advantages enjoyed by special productions, but the entire withdrawal of such advantages should not be contemplated. Therefore, he said, a wise conclusion will not be advanced by a discussion of the theories of protection and free-trade. This was a frank, fair, and clear presentation of the real question. It was agreed that the surplus must be reduced. It might be reduced, on one hand, by repealing the internal taxes, by freeing whiskey, and by lavish expenditures; or, on the other, by freeing the raw materials of manufacture and the necessaries of life. Whichever plan should be preferred, the system of protection would remain, but the average rate of customs duties would be about forty instead of forty-seven per cent.

The question raised by the President was the degree of protection. But it was instantly assailed as presenting to the country the alternative of free-trade or protection. The cry arose that the re-election of the President would be the first step toward the ruin of American industry for the benefit of England. To touch a duty of eighty-two per cent. upon starch was denounced as an effort to admit starch free. The Chicago platform declared that no duty really protective must be surrendered, and the Republican campaign orators burst into a chorus of indignant eloquence at the proposed pauperization of American labor. But nobody has proposed it, nobody desires it, and no American statesman or politician is likely to be guilty of so absurd a folly. If such a statesman there were, he knows, as the Greenfield *Gazette*, in Massachusetts, says, that probably not ten per cent. of the people of the country are in favor of free-trade, and he would propose it merely as a theory, not as a practicable policy. Mr. MCKINLEY goes to Georgia and argues with great ability and in an excellent spirit for a protective rather than a revenue tariff. But as the President does not advocate the withdrawal of protection, the plea of Mr. MCKINLEY is not an argument against the President's re-election. Mr. BLAINE comes home and pours out a stream of statistics, which are instantly shown to be inaccurate, to prove that protection ought to be continued. But as the President does not advocate its discontinuance, Mr. BLAINE'S statistics, even if they were accurate, would not prove that the interests of American labor would be more secure under General HARRISON'S administration than under Mr. CLEVELAND'S.

The assertion that if the President does not say free-trade he yet means free-trade is idle. When he means free-trade, undoubtedly he will say so, and the country will decide the question just as it will now decide that of surplus reduction by a definite diminution of duties. That is the question now before us. There is an immense body of voters who think the maintenance of the present tariff in all its schedules and details to be a public injury. They therefore, although many of them are Republicans and protectionists, refuse to sustain the present position of the Republican party. But if the issue were the present tariff or free-trade, they would choose the former as the lesser evil. Their actual position, however, reveals the precise issue, namely, the degree and disposition of protection. Moreover, if the Republican Senate should present a bill reducing protective duties on sugar and other commodities, it would do what the Republican platform condemns, and what substantially the President proposes. It would be "a slight reduction of the advantages which we award our home production," and they would be reduced for the common welfare, which is the argument urged for high protection. If the Senate should pass such a bill, Mr. MCKINLEY'S speech in Georgia would be as much an argument against General HARRISON'S election as against Mr. CLEVELAND'S, because General HARRISON'S party would have surrendered something of the protective duties. If the exact present scheme of protection must be maintained in order to keep up the deposits of industry in the savings-banks, then the Senate bill, by modifying those rates, would, according to the Republican argument, so far diminish the amount of those savings. The Republican bill would traverse the Republican platform, and make the Republican argument thus far in the campaign ridiculous. If Mr. BLAINE has advised against the bill it is because he sees this fact, and there is no doubt that it is better for his friends to trust the chances of General HARRISON'S election to "a tariff scare" than to a change of front involving the acknowledgment that the President, in demanding a revision of the tariff by slightly reducing the protective duties, was right, and the Chicago platform, by refusing to surrender any protective duty whatever, was wrong.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republican Convention of New York has nominated an excellent ticket, upon a platform which is generally excellent in its treatment of State questions. Mr. WARNER MILLER had no competitor for the chief nomination, and his associate upon the ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER, of New York, is a gentleman of high character, and long active and prominent in Republican politics. Judge RUMSEY, the candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, is also an excellent nomination. The declarations of the platform upon national questions are of the usual kind. But there is one conspicuous and significant omission—significant as showing the little importance really attached to it by the Republican leaders in New York. Upon the subject of reform in the civil service the platform is absolutely silent. It accepts, indeed, the Chicago platform, which repeats the declaration of 1884 upon this subject. But it repeats and emphasizes warmly other declarations of the Chicago platform, while this it does not even mention. And why should it? When Mr. BLAINE is the chief spokesman and leader of the party in the national campaign, the Chicago declaration is as meaningless now as it was in 1884.

But upon the State issues, upon the questions of license and ballot reform, the Republican party at Saratoga takes a strong position. Its declaration upon the latter subject is simple and plain:

> "The Republican party favors the payment by the State of the legitimate expenses for ballots and their distribution, and the punishment, by disfranchisement and other severe penalties, of bribery and fraud at elections. The efforts of the last Legislature in this direction deserve commendation, while Governor HILL merits censure and rebuke for his veto of a measure aiming to purify the ballot and to assure absolute independence to vote at the polls. The time has come for an appeal to the people, and for action for elections free from the control of money, and guaranteeing to every elector the right to vote as he pleases, and to have that vote honestly counted."

This leaves no doubt of Republican sentiment in the State upon that point. The chief question in the State campaign is that of high license. Last year the Republican Convention made an obscure declaration, which, with the debate, showed that no vigorous action was to be expected. But this year what is undoubtedly the real sentiment of the party, whatever may be the wishes of the party leaders, has found a much clearer expression. It is not a direct and simple declaration like that offered by Mr. CROSBY last year, but its circumlocution does not prevent the committal of the party to a high license policy. This is the declaration:

> "The Republican party unequivocally condemns the course of Governor Hill in obstructing by his vetoes acts for increasing the fees for licenses, by which a larger share of the cost of government might be levied on the liquor traffic; and we approve the efforts of the Republicans in the last Legislature upon the liquor question, especially in passing the act nullified by such executive action to restrict that traffic by charges which would lift some of the burdens of taxation caused by the liquor traffic from the home and farm; and we believe that such charges should be advanced to standards similar to those successfully enforced in other States under Republican control."

Mr. Miller has frankly stated his strong feeling in favor of high license, and he would gladly sign any high license bill that the Legislature might pass. This is known to the liquor interest, and also the strong license feeling of the mass of the party, and the want of such a feeling in the mass of the Democratic party. The temperance Republican sentiment, which is strongly anti-saloon, but not yet ready to leave the party for the Prohibitionists, will be retained doubtless by the action of the Convention. But the circumlocution of the platform is wholly unnecessary. Taken with the candidate and the known sentiment of the party, the declaration is a high license plank, and the Convention need not have gasped at the phrase. Upon this chief State question the Republicans will have undoubtedly the advantage of position. For even if Governor Hill should be thrown over, the Democratic Convention will nominate no candidate who has taken so decided a stand as Mr. Miller, nor will it adopt a platform which would practically commit the party to high license.

The Republican prison labor plank is a piece of the shallowest buncombe, like the Democratic planks upon the same subject. It favors laws which will prevent the competition of the products of prison labor with those of wage-workers. But if convicts are employed in mechanical production at all, it necessarily comes into competition with the product of wage-workers. The nomination of good candidates and definite approval of real reform, like the State payment for printing and distributing ballots, are so obviously the way to increase the Republican vote that it is singular the party should care to put forth twaddle which deceives nobody and attracts no votes. One great advantage of the Republicans in the State canvass is that upon the leading State issue the candidate is in himself as much a platform as the Democratic national candidate upon the chief national issue.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS.

If the statement be correct that the President has sent a large contribution to the National Democratic Committee for the expenses of the campaign, it is greatly to be regretted. Nobody can be freer from suspicion of improper motive in such an act than the President, but nothing is clearer than that candidates for office should not give money to aid their own election. Mr. Lamont, the President's private secretary, is reported in an interview to have expressed the extraordinary opinion that somebody must pay, and none could be expected "to more cheerfully than those who are supposed to have a personal interest in their party's success." This is the familiar old plea for assessing the public employés a heavy percentage upon their salaries for "the legitimate expenses" of an election in which they have a personal interest.

This practice, of which we speak elsewhere, is one of the worst and most demoralizing abuses which civil service reform proposes to correct, and it is a most offensive plea in the case of the highest officer in the government. Mr. Lamont is reported to have said, further, "I think the statement published to the effect that such large sums have not been given before is all nonsense." We doubt, however, whether Mr. Lamont could find many such precedents, and nothing is more difficult than to suppose Washington, for instance, or John Quincy Adams, making such contributions. One of the chief scandals in connection with Governor Hill is the story of the notes made by him to pay his election expenses.

The tendency to select candidates because of their ability to make such contributions is one of the most significant of recent signs of the times, and President Woolsey's remarks upon the "bar'l" of Mr. Tilden in 1876 were not more stringent than important. It is a practice which virtually puts up great offices for sale at auction, and which in the instance of elections to the Senate has aroused general attention and animadversion. Given with the purest and best intentions, gifts of money from candidates for election expenses are for every reason to be deprecated, however able and willing to pay a candidate may be, and however upright his purpose.

HUBBELLISM.

No abuse has aroused public indignation more than the practice of assessing the employés in the civil service for the expenses of elections. The evil culminated in the Hubbell circular eight years ago, which led to a general exposure and condemnation of the practice. This was followed by the civil service law of '83, which prohibited all public officers and employés from soliciting or receiving money for election purposes, and by this law and the force of public opinion behind it the abuse has been largely corrected. But although it tries to escape observation by changing its form, it still lingers. In Ohio the Democratic State Executive Committee say that they "are forced to appeal" to the generosity of the postmasters, in a circular which informs them that "assessments on the State ticket ......will produce but a meagre sum," and regrets that they will be also annoyed by requests for donations from their local committees. The circular says that "the only means we have thus far received are donations of $100 each from a few postmasters." This shows either that office-holders are recovering their freedom or that they have already paid the local committees.

In Massachusetts also the treasurer of the Democratic State Committee, but without its knowledge, recently sent a begging circular to the government employés of every kind and of both sexes. We hear of similar circulars issued by Republican committees to Republicans who have been retained in the service, to contribute for Republican expenses. In the Massachusetts case we are glad to record that, upon hearing of the circular, Mr. Fitzgerald, the Collector of Internal Revenue, immediately issued a notice, which he directed to be read and posted in all the offices, stating that the circular was sent without his knowledge or sanction, and that faithful discharge of duty will be the best security against removal; that every employé in the office is as free in regard to paying as if privately employed; and that "the vicious system of assessing office-holders, many of whom, especially in the custodian's department, are very poorly paid, does not hold under this Administration."

If the resignation of the Pennsylvania custodian, which we mention elsewhere, shows that the old view of the public service as mere party spoils still lingers, this circular from a Democratic officer in the stress of a Presidential election shows how prodigiously the cause of reform has advanced, and how secure is its hold upon public approval.

"SENTINEL."

Mr. W. H. Bogart, whose death at the age of seventy-eight was recently reported at his home in Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, was long known as a newspaper correspondent under the signature of "Sentinel," which suggested the title of a little book of reminiscenses which he published, *Who Goes There?* Mr. Bogart was an old, or, more strictly, as he and his friends called themselves more than forty years ago, a young Whig, a Henry Clay Whig, and to the end he remained essentially a *laudator temporis acti*, a sturdy conservative.

He was a man of cultivation in literature, and of a ready humor. His pride in his ancestry and his knowledge of Dutch history and life and manners made him an admirable comrade in Dutch festivities, and a sparkling table speaker. His shrewd observation and retentive memory filled his conversation with interesting recollections, and he was constantly testing the new men by the standard of the old, much to the depreciation of the former.

The political readjustment in which the Whig party disappeared left Mr. Bogart in greater sympathy with the Democratic party than with the Republican. The latter was the more radical, and less agreeable, therefore, to his sympathies. But he was always friendly in controversy, and counted ardent Republicans among his warmest friends. Old-fashioned worth was always dear to him, and the worth itself was worthier because it was of the old type. To the end his comments on current affairs were interesting and racy, and with him goes one of the best illustrations of the old-fashioned courtliness of address and the conventional dignity which in a more hurried age have an air of leisurely repose and picturesqueness which is fast disappearing.

MORE KEY-NOTES OUT OF TUNE.

Mr. Blaine's inaccuracy, which was constantly pointed out in 1884, and which is especially notable in a tariff discussion, is very apparent in the speeches which he has made in this canvass. His emphatic statement about the business prostration since the President's message was at once and universally contradicted by the contemporary remarks of the Republican press; and his specific assertion in regard to comparative savings of wages in this country and Great Britain was immediately shown to be incorrect. He said that "the entire savings to-day that these wage-workers [of England, Scotland, and Ireland] can draw upon in the hour of need in that great kingdom are not as great as lie to-night in the savings-banks of Massachusetts to the credit of the wage-workers of that small State."

This was immediately shown to be incorrect by an enormous sum, because he had apparently mistaken the amount in a certain class of savings-banks in England as the total sum of English savings. But there are building and friendly societies and postal savings-banks which contain a very large amount not included in Mr. Blaine's statement, and the *Evening Post* points out that the *per capita* amount of savings in this country is $18 66 for every person, while in England it is $20 97.

Even in correcting his assertion Mr. Blaine misstated it. He said at first "the entire savings" of the English workers. But in correcting he says that he said the savings "in the savings-banks," which is an essentially different statement. Again, he says that he liberally estimates the proportion of wage-workers among the depositors in the savings-banks at 35 per cent. But the *Encyclopædia Britannica* publishes tables which show that "domestic servants, char-women, nurses, and laundresses" alone number nearly 25 per cent. of the depositors, and the wage-earners proper are more than 90 per cent. instead of 35 per cent. as stated by Mr. Blaine. Such inaccuracy seriously invalidates all Mr. Blaine's statistics. It does not prove an unfair intention, but it shows a carelessness which puts all his allegations of the kind into suspense until they are proved, and inaccuracy is especially mischievous in talking about the tariff, where the whole force of the argument often depends upon figures.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A correspondent asks if we approve "the Democratic doctrine" contained in some remarks of Mr. Z. N. Estes, of Memphis, as reported in the Chicago *Times*. He spoke very contemptuously of colored citizens, and said that "it was a great mistake when they were given the ballot," and that all they were fit for was to labor. Our correspondent also asks our attention to the views of Major Pettit, of Shelby County, in Tennessee, who holds that trouble with the negroes is sure to come, and who prefers that it should take place during his life than afterward.

Both these gentlemen, if correctly reported, forget that a colored American citizen, however ignorant and degraded, has precisely the same rights as a voter that they have. In their remarks, as reported, they express an ignorant Bourbon sentiment, and if that be a Democratic sentiment it is one which we certainly do not approve. But it certainly cannot surprise our correspondent that such feelings and views survive in the old Slave States the extinction of slavery, and he would hardly assert that the problem presented by emancipation and by the political enfranchisement of the freedmen is one which admits of a summary solution, or that it is not one of the most perplexing that was ever submitted to a nation.

It is to be solved, probably, indirectly rather than directly, and one of the most suggestive signs of the probable solution that we have recently observed is the visit of Mr. McKinley to Georgia. He went to state the position of the Republican party upon a great public question, and it is by the natural division of public sentiment upon such questions that the political color line is to be erased. This result will be promoted by the perception that Republicanism does not mean negro ascendency, and a speech like that of Mr. McKinley's tends directly to that conviction. In the degree that the conviction grows, a happy solution becomes more probable. Men who think and talk as Mr. Estes and Major Pettit are reported to have talked will do nothing toward a settlement of the situation, and if they represent the controlling spirit of their part of the country, the solution is still very distant.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Colonel Owen Hamilton, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, who is described as "one of the hardest-working Republicans of this State," is a night watchman at the State Capitol, and has written the following letter of resignation:

> "*The Hon. James A. Beaver, Governor of Pennsylvania:*
>
> "Sir,—I hereby tender my resignation as night watchman of the public grounds and buildings of the State of Pennsylvania. My reasons for so doing are briefly that I am no longer in accord with the Republican party, especially on the tariff question. I am in favor of a tariff, but I want to protect the poor laboring man and mechanic as well as the capitalist and millionnaire. I am not in favor of trusts, because I believe they impoverish the masses. I shall advocate and vote for the election of Cleveland and Thurman, because I believe they represent the true interests of the people. Yours respectfully,
>
> "Owen Hamilton."

There could not be a more striking illustration of the absurdity of the spoils system. Here is a public servant, a guardian of public buildings, presumably honest, capable and efficient, and altogether satisfactory, who feels compelled to resign his employment because he holds certain views upon the tariff. By no possibility can they affect his discharge of duty. His views upon homœopathy have just as much to do with the work of a night watchman as his views upon the tariff. A change in his religious beliefs would be an equally valid reason for declining longer to protect the public buildings from fire and robbery. But nevertheless he resigns, and many excellent people will think that he ought to resign.

Happily those who think so are fewer every day. Such incidents as this are among the most conclusive arguments for reform, because they illustrate in the most effective manner the folly of a practice which puts a premium upon ignorance, dishonesty, and deception by making it a man's interest neither to hold nor to express opinions different from those of somebody else.

PERSONAL.

Robert Coulton Davis, of Philadelphia, has left to his heirs the most complete collection of American coins and autographs. In the collection are autograph letters from every one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, said to be the only perfect set in existence. Letters written by each of the Presidents, from Washington to Cleveland, and their wives, are also in the valuable assortment.

—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, who has attracted wide attention through his recent aggressive talk on the tariff and the need for tax reforms, is the youngest man ever elected to a college presidency in the United States. He has just celebrated his thirtieth birthday.

—Two Buffalo girls who followed up their school graduation with a course at a medical college have now become proprietors of the oldest drug-store in that city.

—President Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is to be knighted by Queen Victoria in testimony of the good that his work has done for the Dominion.

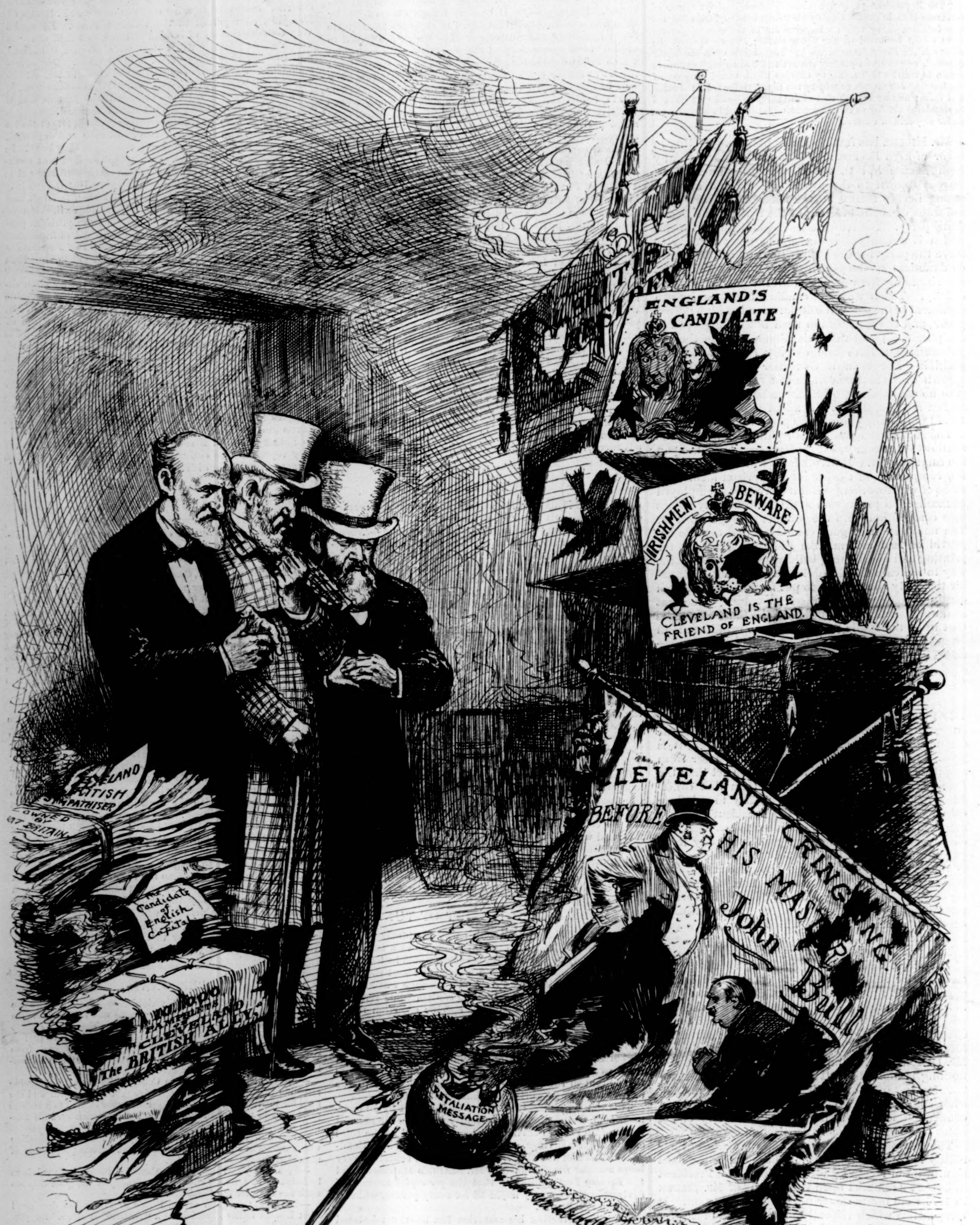
—The oldest daughter of the Prince of Wales has developed what London critics chronicle as a "remarkable talent" for portrait-painting.

—John Hoey's foresight in making real estate investments at Long Branch is shown by the fact that tracts of land that he paid $40 an acre for some years ago can be sold now at $50 a front foot.

—The Rev. Nathan Smith, a colored preacher at Macon, Georgia, has learned the Bible by heart, from Genesis to Revelation.

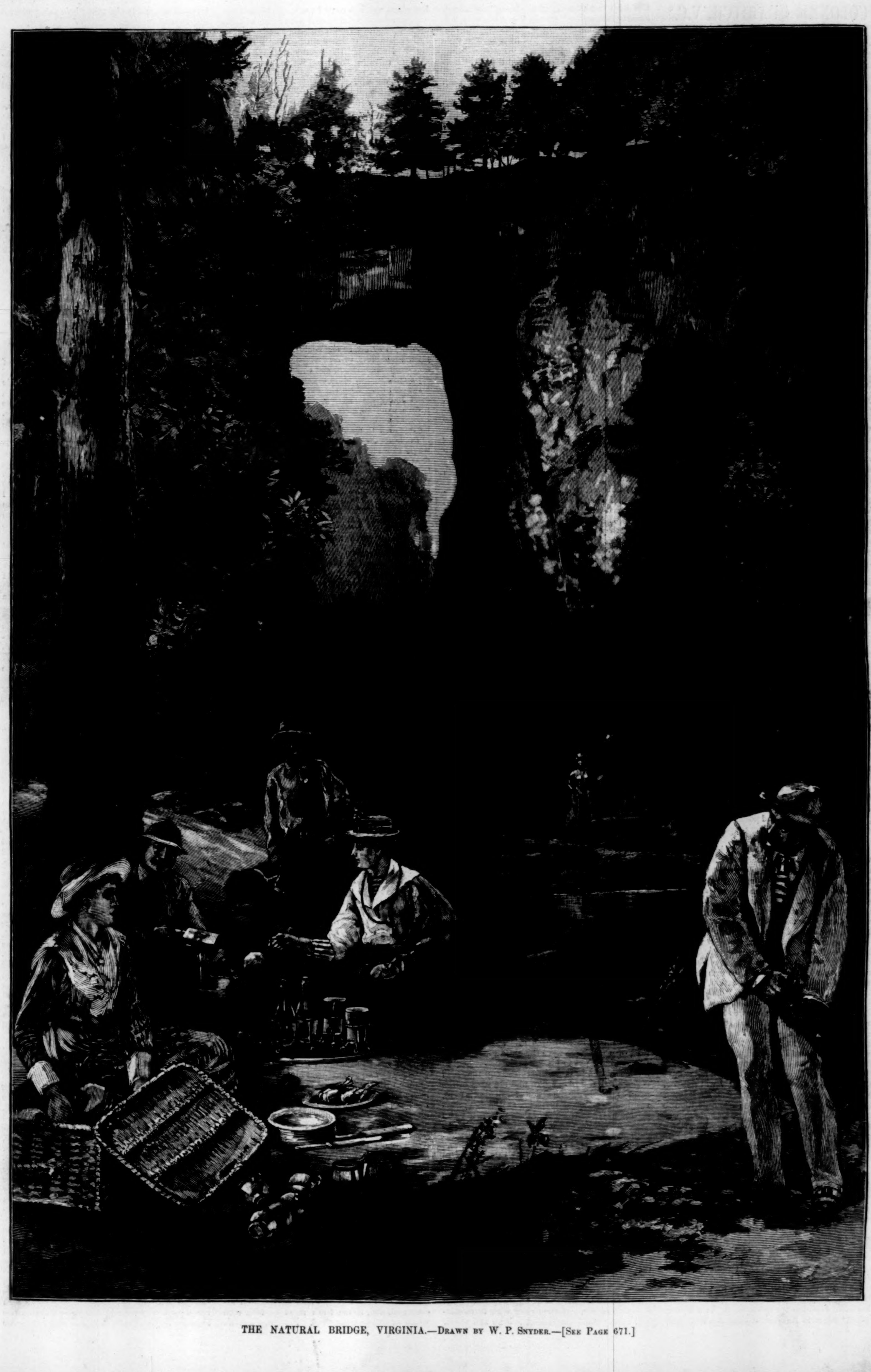
—Joseph Richardson, the millionnaire railroad builder, had such a narrow escape from being run over by a train, a week or so ago, that he came close to having immediate use for the coffin he has kept in his house so many years awaiting his burial day.

—Hi Chee, the only Chinese tramp ever known in this city, died in New York last week. He came to America a dozen years ago, and saved $2000 from the profits of a laundry. This made him feel so rich that he adopted all possible American customs, including the drinking of rye whiskey and beer. The money fled, and Hi Chee thenceforth lived on the charity of his countrymen, who were all so ashamed of him that he was not permitted to accost them in public.


ENGLAND'S CANDIDATE
IRISHMEN BEWARE
CLEVELAND IS THE FRIEND OF ENGLAND.
CLEVELAND CRINGING BEFORE HIS MASTER John Bull
RETALIATION MESSAGE
CLEVELAND BRITISH SYMPATHISER
OWNED BY ...AT BRITAIN
The Candidate of English Capital
PAMPHLETS CLEVELAND The BRITISH ALLY.
W. A. Rogers.

A DEAD LOSS.

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF CAMPAIGN MATERIAL BY THE PRESIDENT'S BOMB-SHELL.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 671.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN PAWN.

AT last she spoke, apparently with a great effort.

"It is stifling in here," she said; "let us go out;" and she rose, took up a shawl that lay beside her on a chair, and stepped through a French window into the garden. It was a lovely autumn night, and the air was still as death, with just a touch of frost in it.

Ida threw the shawl over her shoulders, and, followed by Harold, walked on through the garden till she came to the edge of the moat, where there was a seat. Here she sat down and fixed her eyes upon the hoary old battlements of the gateway, clad in their solemn robe of moonlight.

Harold looked at her, and felt that if he had anything to say the time had come for him to say it, and that she had brought him here in order that she might be able to listen undisturbed. So he began again, and told her that he loved her dearly. "I am some seventeen years older than you," he went on, "and I suppose that the most active part of my life lies in the past; and I don't know if, putting other things aside, you would care to marry so old a man, especially as I am not rich. Indeed, I feel it presumptuous on my part, seeing what you are and what I am, to ask you to do so. And yet, Ida, I believe that, if you could care for me, with God's blessing, we should be very happy together. I have led a lonely life, and have had little to do with women. Once, many years ago, I was engaged, and the matter ended painfully, and that is all. But ever since I first saw your face in the drift five years and more ago, it has haunted me and been with me; and then I came to live here, and have learned to love you, Heaven only knows how much, and I should be ashamed to try to put it into words, for they would sound foolish. All my life is wrapped up in you, and I feel as though, should you see me no more, I should never be a happy man again," and he paused and looked anxiously at her face, which was set and drawn as though with pain.

"I cannot say 'Yes,' Colonel Quaritch," she answered at length, in a tone that puzzled him, it was so tender and so unfitted to the words.

"I suppose," he stammered—"I suppose that you do not care for me? Of course I have no right to expect that you would."

"As I have said that I cannot say 'Yes,' Colonel Quaritch, do you not think that I had better leave that question unanswered?" she replied, in the same soft notes, which seemed to draw the heart out of him.

"I do not understand," he went on. "Why?"

"Why?" she broke in, with a bitter little laugh. "Shall I tell you why? Because I am *in pawn*. Look," she went on, pointing to the stately towers and the broad lands beyond. "You see this place. *I* am security for it—I *myself*, in my own person. Had it not been for me it would have been sold over our heads after having descended in our family for all these centuries—put upon the market and sold for what it would fetch, and my old father would have been turned out to die, for it would have killed him. So you see I did what unfortunate women have often been driven to do—I sold myself body and soul; and I got a good price too—thirty thousand pounds," and suddenly she burst into a flood of tears, and began to sob as though her heart would break.

For a moment Harold Quaritch looked on bewildered, not in the least understanding what Ida meant; and then he followed the impulse common to mankind in similar circumstances, and took her in his arms. She did not resent the movement, indeed she scarcely seemed to notice it, though, to tell the truth, for a moment or two, which to the Colonel seemed the happiest of his life, her head rested on his shoulder.

Almost instantly, however, she raised it, freed herself from his embrace, and ceased weeping.

"As I have told you so much," she said, "I suppose that I had better tell you everything. I know that whatever the temptation," and she laid great stress upon the words, "under any conceivable circumstances—indeed, even if you believed you were serving me in so doing—I can rely upon you never to reveal to anybody, and above all to my father, what I now tell you," and she paused and looked up at him with eyes in which the tears still swam.

"Of course you can rely upon me," he said.

"Very well. I am sure that I shall never have to reproach you with the words. I will tell you. I have virtually promised to marry Mr. Edward Cossey should he at any time be in a position to claim fulfilment of the promise, on condition of his taking up the mortgages of Honham, which he has done."

Harold Quaritch took a step back and looked at her in horrified astonishment.

"*What?*" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she answered, hastily, putting up her hand as though to shield herself from a blow. "I know what you mean; but do not think too hardly of me if you can help it. It was not for myself. I would rather work for my living with my hands than take a price, for there is no other word for it. It was for my father, and my family too. I could not bear to think of the old place going to the hammer, and I did it all in a minute without consideration; but," and she set her face, "even as things are, I believe I should do it again, because I think that no one woman has a right to destroy her family in order to please herself. If one of the two must go, let it be her. But don't think hardly of me for it," she added, almost pleadingly; "that is, if you can help it."

"I am not thinking of you," he answered, grimly. "By Heaven, I honor you for what you have done, for however much I may disagree with the act, it is a noble one. I am thinking of the man who could drive such a bargain with any woman. You say that you have promised to marry him should he ever be in a position to claim it. What do you mean by that? As you have told me so much, you may as well tell me the rest."

He spoke clearly and with a voice of authority, but his bearing did not seem to jar upon Ida.

"I meant," she answered, humbly, "that I believe—of course I do not know if I am right—I believe that Mr. Cossey is in some way entangled with a lady—in short, with Mrs. Quest, and that the question of whether or no he comes forward again depends upon her."

"Upon my word," said the Colonel—"upon my word the thing gets worse and worse. I never heard anything like it; and for money too. The thing is beyond me."

"At any rate," she answered, "there it is. And now, Colonel Quaritch, one word before I go in. It is difficult for me to speak without saying too much or too little, but I do want you to understand how honored and how grateful I feel for what you have told me to-night; I am so little worthy of all you have given me, and, to be honest, I cannot feel as pained about it as I ought to feel. It is feminine vanity, you know, nothing else. I am sure you will not press me to say more."

"No," he answered—"no. I think that I understand the position. But, Ida, there is one thing that I must ask—you will forgive me if I am wrong in doing so, but all this is very sad for me. If in the end circumstances should alter, as I pray Heaven that they may, or if Mr. Cossey's previous entanglements should prove too much for him, will you marry me, Ida?"

She thought for a moment, and then, rising from the seat, gave him her hand and said, simply, "Yes, I *will* marry you."

He made no answer, but lifting her hand, touched it gently with his lips.

"Meanwhile," she went on, "I have your promise, and I am sure that you will not betray it, come what may."

"No," he said, "I will not betray it."

And they went in.

In the drawing-room they found the Squire puzzling over a sheet of paper, on which were scrawled some of George's accounts, in figures which at first sight bore about as much resemblance to Egyptian hieroglyphics as they did to those in use to-day.

"Hullo!" he said; "there you are. Where on earth have you been?"

"We have been looking at the castle in the moonlight," answered Ida, coolly. "It is beautiful."

"Um—ah!" said the Squire, dryly; "I have no doubt that it is beautiful; but isn't the grass rather damp? Well, look here," and he held up the sheet of hieroglyphics, "perhaps you can add this up, Ida, for it is more than I can. George has bought stock and all sorts of things at the sale to-day, and here is his account; three hundred and seventy-two pounds he makes it, but I make it four hundred and twenty, and hang me if I can find out which is right. It is most important that these accounts should be kept straight—most important, and I cannot get this stupid fellow to do it."

Ida took the sheet of paper and added it up, with the result that she discovered both totals to be wrong. Harold, watching her, could not help wondering at the nerve of the woman who, after going through such a scene as that which had just occurred, could deliberately add up long rows of badly written figures.

And this money which her father was expending so cheerfully was part of the price for which she had bound herself.

With a sigh he rose and said good-night, and went home with feelings almost too mixed to admit of accurate description. He had taken a great step in his life, and to a certain extent that step had succeeded. He had not altogether built his hopes upon sand, for from what Ida had said, and still more from what she had tacitly admitted, it was necessarily clear to him that she did more or less regard him as a man would wish to be regarded by a woman whom he dearly loved. This was a great deal—more, indeed, than he had dared to believe; but then, as is usually the case in this imperfect world, where things but too often seem to be carefully arranged at sixes and sevens, came the other side of the shield. Of what use to him was it to have won this sweet woman's love, of what use to have this pure water of lawful happiness put to his lips in the desert land of his lonely life, in order to see the cup that held it shattered at a blow? To him the story of the money loan—in consideration of which, as it were, Ida had put herself in pawn, as the Egyptians used to put the mummies of their fathers in pawn—was almost incredible. To a person of his simple and honorable nature it seemed a preposterous and unheard-of thing that any man calling himself a gentleman should find it possible to sink so low as to take such advantage of a woman's dire necessity and honorable desire to save her father from misery and her race from ruin, and to extract from her a promise of marriage in consideration of the value received. Putting aside his overwhelming personal interest in the matter, it made his blood boil to think that such a thing could be. And yet it was, and, what was more, he believed he knew Ida well enough to be convinced that she would not shirk the bargain. If Edward Cossey came forward to claim his bond, it would be paid down to the last farthing. It was a question of thirty thousand pounds; the happiness of his life and of Ida's depended upon a sum of money. If the money were forth-coming, Cossey could not claim his flesh and blood. But where was it to come from? He himself was worth perhaps ten thousand pounds, or, with the commutation value of his pension, possibly twelve, and he had not the means of raising a farthing more. He thought the position over till he was tired of thinking, and then, with a heavy heart, and yet with a strange glow of happiness shining through his grief like sunlight through a gray sky, at last he went to sleep and dreamed that Ida had gone from him, and that he was once more utterly alone in the world.

But if he had cause for trouble, how much more was it so with Ida! Poor woman! under her somewhat cold and stately exterior she had a deep and at times a passionate nature. For some weeks she had been growing strangely attached to Harold Quaritch, and now she knew that she loved him, so that there was no one thing that she desired more in this wide world than to become his wife. And yet she was bound, bound by a sense of honor, and a sense too of money received, to stay at the beck and call of a man she detested, and if at any time it pleased him to throw down the handkerchief, to be there to pick it up and hold it to her heart. It was bad enough to have had this hanging over her head when she was herself more or less in a passive condition, and therefore to a certain extent reckless as to her future; but now that her heart was alight with the holy flame of a good woman's love, now that her whole nature rebelled and cried out aloud against the sacrilege involved, it was both revolting and terrible.

And yet so far as she could see there was no great probability of escape. She was a shrewd and observant woman, and could gauge Mr. Cossey's condition of mind toward her with more or less accuracy. Also she did not think it in the least likely that having spent thirty thousand pounds to advance his object, he would be content to let his advantage drop. Such a course would be repellent to his trading instincts. She knew in her heart that the hour was not far off when he would claim his own, and that unless some accident occurred to prevent it, it was practically certain that she would be called upon to fulfil her pledge, and whilst loving another man to become the wife of Edward Cossey.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD-BY TO YOU, EDWARD.

IT was on the day following the one upon which Harold proposed to Ida that Edward Cossey returned to Boisingham. His father had so far recovered from his attack as to be at last prevailed upon to allow his departure, being chiefly moved thereto by the supposition that Cossey & Son's branch establishments were suffering from his son's absence.

"Well," he said, in his high, piercing voice, "business is business, and must be attended to, so perhaps you had better go. They talk about the fleeting character of things, but there is one thing that never changes, and that is money. Money is immortal; men may come and men may go, but money goes on forever. Hee! hee! Money is the honey-pot, and men are the flies; and some get their fill and some stick their wings, but the honey is always there, so never mind the flies. No, never mind me; you go and look after the honey, Edward. Money—honey, honey—money; they rhyme, don't they? And look here, by-the-way, if you get a chance—and the world is full of chances to men who have plenty of money—mind you don't forget to pay out that half-pay Colonel—what's his name?—Quaritch. He played our family a dirty trick, and there's your poor aunt Julia in a lunatic asylum to this moment, and a constant source of expense to us."

And so Edward bade his estimable parent farewell and departed. Nor, in truth, did he require any admonition from Mr. Cossey senior to make him anxious to do Colonel Quaritch an ill turn if the opportunity should serve. Mrs. Quest, in her numerous affectionate letters, had more than once, possibly for reasons of her own, given him a full and vivid *résumé* of the local gossip about the Colonel and Ida, who were, she said, according to common report, engaged to be married. Now absence had not by any means cooled Edward's devotion to Miss De la Molle, which was a sincere one enough in its own way. On the contrary, the longer he was away from her the more his passion grew, and with it a vigorous undergrowth of jealousy. He had, it is true, Ida's implied promise that she would marry him, if he chose to ask her, but on this he put no great reliance. Hence his hurry to return to Boisingham.

Leaving London by an afternoon train, he reached Boisingham about half past six, and in pursuance of an arrangement already made, went to dine with the Quests. When he reached the house he found Belle alone in the drawing-room, for her husband, having come in late, was still dressing, but somewhat to his relief he had no opportunity of private conversation with her, for a servant was in the room, attending to the fire, which would not burn. The dinner passed off quietly enough, though there was an ominous look about the lady's face which he, being familiar with these signs of the feminine weather, did not altogether like. After dinner, however, Mr. Quest excused himself, saying that he had promised to attend a local concert in aid of the funds for the restoration of the damaged pinnacle of the parish church, and he was left alone with the lady.

Then it was that all her pent-up passion broke out. She overwhelmed him with her affection, she told him that her life had been a blank while he was away, she reproached him with the scarcity and coldness of his letters, and generally went on in a way to which he was well accustomed, and, if the truth must be told, with which he was heartily tired. His mood was an irritable one, and to-night the whole thing wearied him beyond bearing.

"Come, Belle," he said at last, "for goodness' sake be a little more rational. You are getting too old for this sort of tomfoolery, you know."

She sprang up and faced him, her eyes flashing and her breast heaving with jealous anger. "What do you mean?" she said. "Are you tired of me?"

"I did not say that," he answered; "but as you have started the subject, I must tell you that I think all this has gone far enough. Unless it is stopped, I believe we shall both be ruined. I am sure that your husband is becoming suspicious; and, as I have told you again and again, if once the business gets to my father's ears, he will disinherit me."

Belle stood quite still till he had finished. She had assumed her favorite attitude, and crossed her arms behind her back, and her sweet childish face was calm and very white.

"What is the good of making excuses and telling me what is not true, Edward?" she said. "One never hears a man who loves a woman talk like that; prudence comes with weariness, and men grow virtuous when there is nothing more to gain. You *are* tired of me. I have seen it a long time, but, like a poor blind fool, I have tried not to believe it. It is not a great reward to a woman who has given her whole life to a man, but perhaps it is as much as she can expect, for I do not want to be unjust to you. I am the most to blame, because a woman need never take a false step except of her own free-will."

"Well, well," he said, impatiently, "what of it?"

"Only this, Edward. I have still a little pride left, and if you are tired of me, why—*go*."

He tried hard to prevent it, but do what he would, a look of relief struggled into his face. She saw it, and it made her wild with jealous anger.

"You need not look so happy, Edward: it is scarcely decent; and, besides, you have not heard all that I have to say. I know what all this arises from. You are in love with Ida De la Molle. Now *there* I draw the line. You may leave me if you like, but you shall not marry Ida while I am alive to prevent it. That is more than I can bear. Besides, like a wise woman, she has fallen in love with Colonel Quaritch, who is worth two of you, Edward Cossey."

"I do not believe it," he answered; "and what right have you to say that I am in love with Miss De la Molle? And if I am in love with her, how can you prevent me from marrying her if I choose?"

"Try, and you will see," she answered, with a little laugh. "And now, as the curtain has dropped, and it is all over between us, why, the best thing that we can do is to put out the lights and go to bed," and she laughed again and courtesied with much assumed playfulness. "Good-night, Mr. Cossey; good-night, and good-by."

He held out his hand. "Come, Belle," he said, "don't let us part like this."

She shook her head, and once more put her arms behind her. "No," she answered, "I will not take your hand. Of my own free-will I will never touch it again: for to me it is like the hand of the dead. Good-by, once more; good-by to you, Edward, and to all the happiness that I ever had. I built up all my life upon my love for you, and you have shattered it like glass. I do not reproach you, you have followed after your nature, and I must follow after mine, and in time all things will come right—in the grave. I shall not trouble you any more, provided that you do not try to marry Ida, for that I will not bear. And now go, for I am very tired," and turning, she rang the bell for the servant to show him out.

In another minute he was gone. She listened till she heard the front door close behind him, and then she gave way to her grief, and flinging herself upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands and sobbed and moaned bitterly, weeping for the past, and weeping, too, for the long desolate years that were to come. Poor woman! do not let us judge her too hardly, for whatever was the measure of her sin it had assuredly found her out, as our sins always do find us out in the end. She had loved this man with a passion which has no parallel in the hearts of well-ordered and well-brought-up women. She had never really lived till this fatal passion took possession of her, and now that its object had deserted her, her heart felt as though it had died within her. In that short half-hour she suffered more than many women do in their whole lives; but the paroxysm passed, and she rose pale and trembling, with set teeth and blazing eyes.

"He had better be careful," she said to herself. "He may go; but if he tries to marry Ida, I will keep my word—yes, for her sake as well as his."

When Edward Cossey came to consider the position, which he did seriously, on the following morning, he did not find it very satisfactory. To begin with, he was not altogether a heartless man, and such a scene as that which he had passed through on the previous evening was in itself quite enough to upset his nerves. At one time, at any rate, he had been much attached to Mrs. Quest; he had never borne her any violent affection—that had all been on her side—but still he had been fond of her, and if he could have done so, would probably have married her. Even now he was attached to her, and would have been glad to remain her friend if she would have allowed it. But then came the time when her heroics commenced to weary him, and he on his side began to fall in love with Ida De la Molle, and as he drew back so she came forward, till at length he was worn out, and things culminated as has been described. He was sorry for her too, knowing how deeply she was attached to him, though it is probable that he did not in the least realize the extent to which she suffered, for neither men nor women who have intentionally or otherwise been the cause of intense mental anguish to one of the opposite sex ever do quite realize this. They not unnaturally measure the trouble by the depth of their own, and are therefore very apt to come to erroneous conclusions. Of course we are now speaking of cases where all the real passion is on one side, and indifference or comparative indifference on the other; for where it is mutual, the grief will in natures of equal depth be mutual also.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

At any rate Edward Cossey was quite sensitive enough to feel the parting with Mrs. Quest acutely, and perhaps he felt the manner of it even more than the fact of the separation. Then came another consideration. He was, it is true, free from his entanglement, which was in itself an enormous relief, but the freedom was of a conditional nature. Belle had threatened trouble in the most decisive tones should he attempt to carry out his secret purpose, which she had not been slow to divine, of marrying Ida. From some occult reason, at least to him it seemed occult, the idea of this alliance was peculiarly distasteful to her, though no doubt the true explanation was that she believed, and not inaccurately, that it was in order to bring it about that he was bent upon deserting her. The question with him was, would she or would she not attempt to put her threat into execution? It certainly seemed to him difficult to imagine what steps she could take to that end, seeing that any such steps would necessarily involve her own exposure, and that too when there was nothing to gain, and when all hopes of thereby securing him for herself had passed away. Nor did he seriously believe that she would attempt anything of the sort. It is one thing for a woman to make such threats in the acute agony of her jealousy, and quite another for her to carry them out in cold blood. Looking at the matter from a man's point of view, it seemed to him extremely improbable that when the occasion came she would attempt such a move. He forgot how much more violently, when once it has taken possession of her being, the storm of passion sweeps through such a woman's heart than through a man's, and how utterly reckless to all consequence the former sometimes becomes. For there are women for whom all things melt in that white heat of anguished jealousy—honor, duty, conscience, and the restraint of religion—and of these Belle Quest was one.

But of this he was not aware; and though he recognized a risk, he saw in it no sufficient reason to make him stay his hand. For day by day the strong desire to make Ida his wife had grown upon him, till at last it possessed him body and soul. For a long while the intent had been smouldering in his breast, and the tale that he now heard, to the effect that Colonel Quaritch had been beforehand with him, had blown it to a flame. Ida was ever-present in his thoughts, even at night he could not be rid of her, for when he slept her vision, dark-eyed and beautiful, came stealing down his dreams. She was his heaven, and if by any ladder known to man he might climb thereto, thither he would climb. And so he set his teeth and vowed that, Mrs. Quest or no Mrs. Quest, he would set his fortune upon the hazard of the die, ay and win it, even if he loaded the dice.

While he was still thinking thus, standing at his window and gazing out on to the market-place of the quiet little town, he suddenly saw Ida herself driving up in her pony-carriage. It was a wet and windy day, and the rain was on her cheek, and the wind tossed a little lock of her brown hair. The cob was pulling, and her proud face was set, as she concentrated her energies upon holding him. Never to Edward Cossey had she looked more beautiful. His heart beat fast at the sight of her, and whatever doubts might have lingered in his mind vanished. Yes, he would claim her promise and marry her.

Presently the pony-carriage pulled up at his door, and the boy who was sitting behind got down and rang the bell. He stepped back from the window, wondering what it could be.

"Will you please give that note to Mr. Cossey," said Ida as the door opened, "and ask him to send an answer?" and she was gone.

The note was from the Squire, sealed with his big seal (the Squire always sealed his letters in the old-fashioned way), and contained an invitation to himself to shoot on the morrow. "George wants me to do a little partridge driving," it ended, "and to brush through one or two of the small covers. There will only be Colonel Quaritch besides yourself and George, but I hope that you will have a fair rough day. If I don't hear from you I shall suppose that you are coming, so don't trouble to write."

"Oh yes, I will go," said Edward. "Confound that Quaritch! At any rate I can show him how to shoot; and what is more, I will have it out with him about my aunt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DOWN-TOWN LUNCH-ROOM.

The most destinctive of all American institutions, something which has to do with our liberties and the constitution, is our Lunch-Room. It has no relationship with the European "buffet." Its origin may be traced back to the railroad, and the necessity of appeasing hunger in the shortest possible time. In the United States, especially in New York, the element of time is always to be considered, and indigestion and dyspepsia forgotten. It has required many years to bring the lunch-room to its present degree of rapid efficiency. It has not been alone the keeper of the lunch-room who had to be educated, but those who swarm around the high counters had to be taught how to eat. If it were natural to primitive man, as an omnivorous creature with strong inclinations for a diet of meat, to bolt his food, through processes of civilization the time of mastication and deglutition became lengthened. We return then, by means of the lunch counter, to the early way. It is not impossible that, following out the Darwinian theory, human stomachs have adapted themselves in the United States to actual requirements.

On the part of those who cater to the general hunger, who are prepared in the shortest limit of time to feed thousands, the mechanism of the cuisine is perfect. By mechanism nothing is to be implied as to the excellence of the food served, but only the element of celerity in the preparation and distribution of that food. Considering the matter rather in a utilitarian sense than according to the canons of a Brillat-Savarin, the food sold over a lunch counter is generally good. There are lunch counters in many large cities in the United States where between the hours of twelve and two over 3000 people are fed. Considering the rush and bustle of men intent on appeasing their hunger in the briefest interval of time, and the constant efforts of waiters to supply the many wants, there is certainly less noise than would be expected. A really hungry man, following his animal instincts, may feel inclined to be irritable for a moment, but he at once subsides when his dish or his dishes are put before him.

To be a carver in a lunch-room of some repute is to attain a high position. Anybody can hack and mangle ribs of beef, but the true carver must be born to his calling, and to natural genius must add experience. It is high art to cut thousands of slices, apportioning to each one the exact proportions of fat and lean, and to add the precise amount of gravy. Waiters are invariably well trained, and are generally specialists. Your regulation humdrum hotel dining-room waiter would be out of his element in a lunch-room. The lunch-room waiter never hesitates as to an order. Though from much running around in loose shoes his feet are flat, he balances a bowl of soup as gracefully as did Mercury his wand. Deft, too, are his fingers. For a favored guest he will peel the red-hot potato in a twinkling, and there is no trick of a prestidigitator to equal that performance. A rapid feeder has come, gone, and there is a litter of soiled plates and bread-crumbs on the lunch counter. As if by magic you see a pass or two made by the waiter, there is the flirt of a napkin, a rapid polish, and the place is clean, or at least supposed to be clean, and then there is room for the newcomer.

There may be deliberate men who ruminate at lunch counters, but it is positive that such are not counted among the profitable ones by the lunch-room keeper. A man, too, whose dental processes are not in prime condition is held in poor favor. "You might think," said a very philosophical lunch-keeping person, "that the first shad are profitable; but they are not, We lose money on account of the bones. Bones are the great drawbacks to fish. The more hash we sell, the better is the business, hash being a quick mover."

Mr. De Thulstrup shows the action in a down-town lunch-room. He seizes the general contest, not any special incident. As a faithful artist, he has tried, *à la* Vernet, to bring to the front the whole battle. There may be skirmishers here and there, but they are only waiting their time to fall into line. Notice the gravity of the carver, who disdains to be hurried. There is the messenger boy who is carrying a bowl of soup to some one outside, who, pressed for time, must satisfy his hunger in his office. How cold that soup will be before it is eaten! The artist has introduced two or three personages who do not apparently take this feeding-time in a serious manner. Of course there are exceptional people, but they only prove the rule that those who come to the lunch-room are there to eat, and not to talk or joke.

There have been many ingenious persons who have devised means for shortening the normal time supposed to be necessary in taking food at a lunch counter. Hopes have been entertained that by means of revolving counters an average of a few seconds to each guest might be economized, but so far success has not crowned these praiseworthy efforts.

In the large cities lunch counters and the method of catering have been carefully studied, and may be said to be excellent. It is worth while to have good food well cooked and properly served in handsome rooms, for it is a very money-making business.

MR. FLORENCE AS CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

Thirty or forty years ago, when all the world was young and all the grass was green, William E. Burton was considered the funniest man in the world, and Burton's Theatre, on Chambers Street, opposite the City Hall Park, was better known than any public building in the United States, except, perhaps, the Capitol at Washington. Every habitual theatre-goer in the land went to Burton's, and men who never went to other theatres laughed at Burton on his own boards. When *Dombey and Son* was completed in 1848, John Brougham dramatized it at once for the Chambers Street company, and it was first produced in this country in the summer of the same year. Brougham himself doubled the parts of Bunsby and Joey Bagstock, Mrs. Brougham (Miss Nelson) played Susan Nipper, handsome George Jordan played Carker, Raymond was Toots, Mrs. Hughes, and later Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Skewton; Mrs. Russell, now Mrs. Hoey, won her first decided dramatic success as Edith; Florence himself once played Walter to Mary Taylor's Toots; and Burton from the beginning was the veritable and only Captain Cuttle. He played the part as long as he lived; and when he died, in 1860, his mantle fell literally upon the shoulders of Mr. Florence, who became the possessor of his costume entire: the glazed hat, "so hard that it made a sympathetic person's head ache to look at it, and left a red rim round the Captain's own forehead as if he had been wearing a tight basin"; the hook screwed to the right wrist, instead of a hand; the black silk handkerchief tied loosely about the neck; the very large, coarse shirt collar, almost as big as a small sail; the wide suit of navy blue; and even the thick stick, which was covered all over (like his nose) with knobs—all of which Mr. Barnard has so faithfully preserved. And thus Mr. Florence refuted the frequent prophecy that Captain Cuttle, upon the stage, would die with Burton; for the present representative of the character has the ability to put the spirit of the part into the clothes he has inherited, and to present the kernel as well as the shell of that very salty-looking man indeed, who might, from his appearance, have been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateersman, or all three, but who is the rough embodiment of everything that is faithful and trusting and honest and true.

It would be very unjust to Mr. Florence to attribute all that is good in his Cuttle to the costume he wears, or to his imitation of the acting of the man who wore that costume before him. He would have been a great Captain Cuttle if Burton had never lived. He is wonderfully droll and delightfully pathetic. He is breezy and life-like in everything he does, from his presentation of the teaspoons to Mr. Dombey and his grief for poor Wal'r, "drownded," to his devotion to his Heart's Delight and his blind faith in Bunsby's opinions; and Dickens himself declared that Mr. Florence thoroughly realized his own conception of the character. It is a curious fact, in view of what is called the decadence of Dickens in the present generation, that this indifferent dramatization of his *Dombey and Son* should have held the stage for forty years, and have outlived completely the masterpieces of dramatic literature which were contemporary with it. Captain Cuttle is as fresh and delightful to-day as he ever was, but Claude Melnotte, Alfred Evelyn, and Betsy Baker, once even scorning to be called his rivals, are rarely seen and coldly received. Mr. Florence himself purchases new plays, creates new characters, wins new laurels, but Bob Brierly and George D'Alroy, Mose and the Irish emigrant, even Bardwell Slote, pass slowly away, while the bearings of Captain Cuttle's observations still lays in the application on it; and he never wants a friend in need, or a bottle to give. Of course to the actor some of this long-lived popularity is due, but this same actor has worked as hard for Tom Taylor and Tom Robertson as for Charles Dickens; and other actors have worked equally hard for Bulwer and Morton and Sheridan Knowles, scarcely one of whom has left a rival to Caleb Plummer, Wilkins Micawber, Obenreizer, Captain Cuttle, or Little Nell upon the boards to-day.

The contrast between Mr. Florence's Obenreizer and his Captain Cuttle is very great, although not greater than the contrast between his acting of the Ticket-of-Leave Man and the hero of *Caste*, or between any of these and the representation of the member of Congress from the district of Cohosh. Obenreizer, originally produced about twenty years ago, was a new departure, and is still a very careful and elaborate piece of character-acting, in which the looks and the speech of the uncomfortable Swiss are reproduced to the life. Bob Brierly was, in his turn, so life-like that it is said that guilty creatures sitting at the play have, by the very cunning of the scene, been struck so to the soul that they have repented of their malefactions, if they have not proclaimed them. Mr. Florence is the best D'Alroy we have known here; picturing a man of simple faith and Norman blood, his honest face, his thick speech, his manly bearing, and his earnestness throughout the charming comedy were beyond all praise; and of his performance of Bardwell Slote, what can be said? It is one of the most correct and original creations of the American stage.

When Dickens saw his Captain Cuttle at Manchester in 1862, he saw Mrs. Florence as Susan Nipper—"so desperately sharp and biting that she seemed to make one's eyes water"—an admirable piece of acting which unfortunately is seen no more; he saw Miss Lydia Foote as Florence, and Mr. Henry Irving as Mr. Dombey, with all the deportment and presence and pomposity and sternness that belong to the part. This was long before Mr. Irving was known outside of a few British provincial theatres; but even this his Dombey was worthy to rank with the Jingle of later days, so cleverly drawn by Mr. Barnard in these columns some time ago, as a fitting companion-piece to the same artist's wonderfully life-like sketch of Captain Cuttle on another page.

Laurence Hutton.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

A mere freak of nature is not usually dignified, and is more apt to excite the curiosity of the vulgar, as Dr. Johnson might say, than to win the admiration of the judicious. The Natural Bridge of Virginia is, however, one of those eccentricities that excite in a high degree the emotion of sublimity; it is one of the wonders that, like the Falls of Niagara, grow upon the spectator with the increase of familiarity. Indeed I know of no other natural object east of the Rocky Mountains except the Falls that so raises in the observer the feeling of grandeur and awe.

The bridge is in Rockbridge County, just east of the highest and most picturesque part of the Blue Ridge, a few miles north of the Peaks of Otter. It can be reached by the Richmond and Alleghany and by the Susquehanna Valley railways, which meet at two stations near together on the North Fork of the James River. From either station a drive of two and a half miles up a lovely valley brings the traveller to the bridge, where there are ample hotel accommodations and the cultivated attractions of a "resort." It is, however, a very natural place, sweet, still, and most agreeable to rest in. There is hardly any time of the year when it is not pleasant here, though the region is at its best in the spring and early summer, and in the autumn, when it is flaming with color. The Valley of Virginia is not cold in the summer, but in this Blue Ridge neighborhood the air is always pure and inspiring, and the nights of the warmest months are refreshing. Since the railways have rendered the place accessible, and Mr. Parsons, the proprietor, has made a natural park of his princely domain, it is much resorted to.

The bridge was discovered in 1759 by a man named Burnaby. George Washignton visited it when he was on one of his surveying expeditions for Lord H. Fairfax, and being at that time athletic, young, and ambitious, he climbed up and cut his initials on the face of the rock, where they can still be deciphered, together with the initials of other men who made their mark nowhere else. In 1774 George III., being then of disposing, if not of sound mind and memory, granted the bridge and 157 acres adjoining, for twenty shillings, to Thomas Jefferson. In 1782 Rochambeau sent a party of French engineers to measure the Bridge, and the following dimensions were recorded by Baron de Turpin:

Height	215¼	feet.
Thickness of arch on key of great centre	49	"
" " " " small "	37	"
Intrados of arch	150	"

These Frenchmen also noted the figure of the spread eagle, the real bird of freedom, on the interior of the arch, and predicted the success of the Revolution.

When Jefferson was President he visited and surveyed his property, and wrote a description of it in his *Notes*. The next year he built a log cabin there of two rooms, and established in it two slaves, Patrick Henry and his wife, who for many years entertained the visitors to the bridge. The story is that Jefferson forgot to mention these aged servitors in his will, and that they died there in a neglect that was practically equivalent to freedom. All foreigners of distinction and everybody of political note in the early part of the century visited the Natural Bridge, and recorded their "sentiments" about it in a book which Jefferson left at the log cabin for that purpose. This priceless volume, left in the hut, was used by servants to light the fire, and in 1845 all but a leaf or two had disappeared. There have been a good many accidents and incidents connected with the bridge during the century it has been known, and the region has gained a certain legendary interest. In 1834 the ingenious owner, a Revolutionary soldier named Captain Lackland, constructed an iron cage, which was suspended on a buttress above, and curious visitors were lowered in it down the frightful chasm, for a dollar a trip, while a negro fiddler played variations on "Ole Virginia." It was in 1818 that Henry Piper, a student, made his famous climb, which Elihu Burritt afterward used to induce all young men to take courage and struggle up.

The bridge crosses a narrow ravine, and is part of the country road from the valley where the hotels stand to a sightly hill where an uninterrupted and most magnificent view of the Blue Ridge can be had in a sweep of ninety miles. The traveller might pass the bridge unaware of its character. The view from above, either side of the bridge, or from the supporting abutments of columnar rock, is fearsome and wonderful, but the bridge is only comprehended from the ravine below. Here it rises in unapproachable majesty, that is revealed as soon as one catches sight of it on the woods path, but the majesty grows more and more impressive when one stands under the spring of the enormous arch. Nothing is lacking to fill one with awe, for the massive proportions, the irregular freedom of the lines, place it outside of and beyond all of man's work. The feeling that one has under it is curiously unlike the emotion excited by any of the famous bridges and arched aqueducts erected by human hands. It has a free beauty and grace corresponding to its magnitude. And as for details, the walls, the arch and buttresses, offer a study of color in rock and in lichens the equal of which I think the artist will find nowhere else in the world. The ravine, through which flows a small stream, extends for a mile above the bridge. It is a charming, most picturesque valley, and contains as great a variety of evergreens and wild flowers as can anywhere else be found assembled.

Aside from the bridge, the ravine, and the thousand-year-old arbor-vitæ trees on the path to it, the region has supreme attractions. For varied beauty it may almost be called unique. Nowhere else can one see grouped greater variety of shades of evergreens or more magnificent oaks than those that cover the hill about the bridge. And nowhere else, I am sure, are the views lovelier than those had from the summits of these hills.

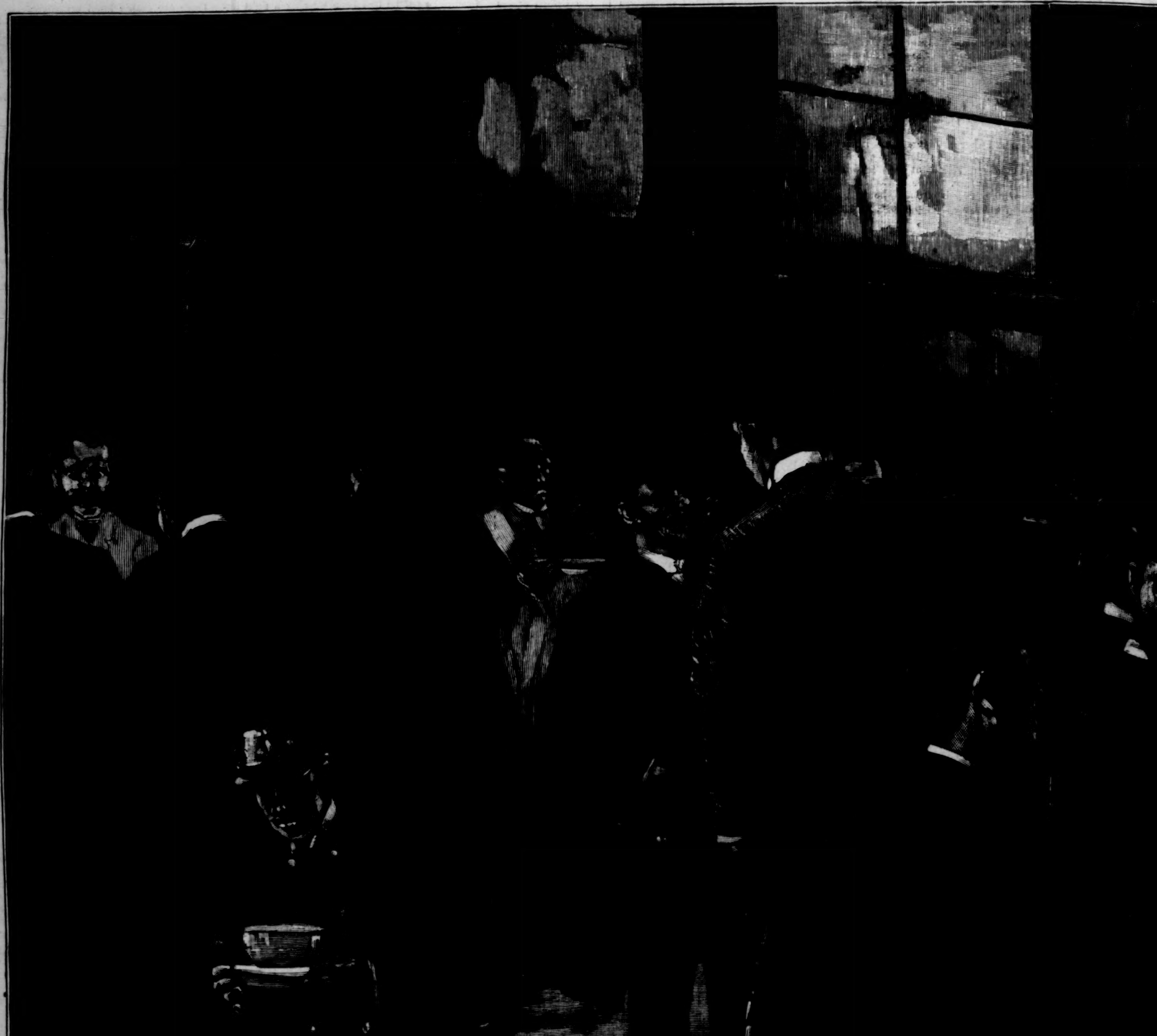
Charles Dudley Warner.

TWILIGHT SONGS.

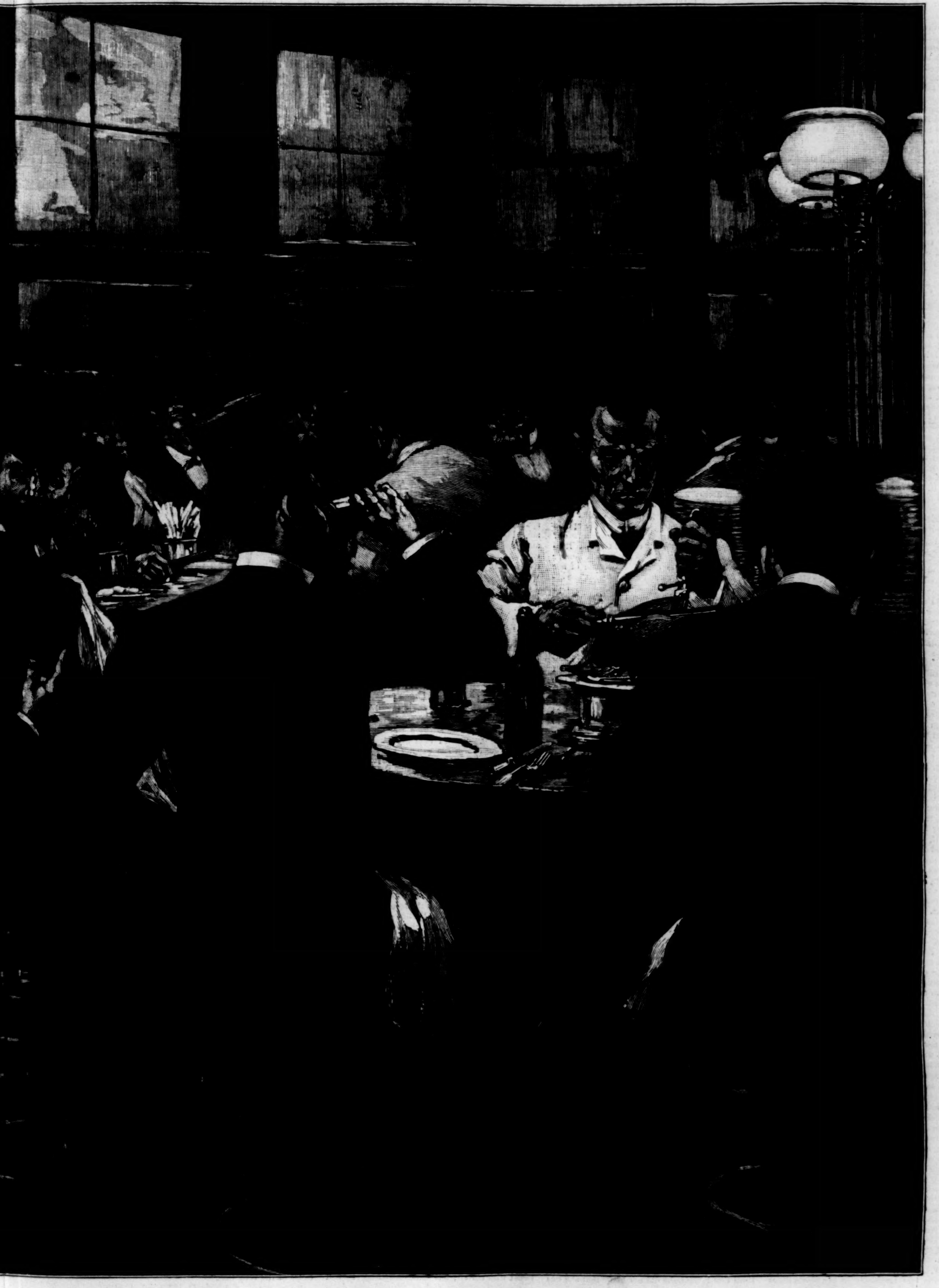
O for a song of morn, dew-bright, and glad
With earliest breath of flowers—made musical
With sweetest bird notes of May's madrigal!
Such songs of dawn as erst when Chaucer bade
The morn begin, or as when Herrick had
His visions of Hesperides, while all
The morning land of song was magical
With Shakespeare's light. The world was then still clad

In hues of promise; life and love and song
Beat then with stronger pulse. Alas! why dwell
On these? The tinkling meadow rill may tell
But of itself and murmur of the sea.
Our bards, with lotus crowned, can scarce prolong
Through deepening dusk the morning's memory.

H. T. Sudduth.



A DOWN-TOWN LUNCH-ROOM IN NEW YO



ORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 671.]

A GIRL I KNOW.

By "A WORKING-GIRL."

It was spring by the calendar, but midwinter by the weather, on the day I made the acquaintance of Anah Russland. Her sponsors, if she had any, named her Anah. Billy, youngest of the errand-boys and my very particular gad-fly, called her Russland. What her surname actually was will never be known to me in this world, though she told me again and again. There were not consonants enough in the English alphabet to spell it, and only a vocal gymnast could have pronounced it.

"Sounds to me," said Billy, "like a ton of coal rattling into a coal-bin." And as this approximation was difficult of achievement with mere pen and ink, I entered her upon my roll-book as Anah Russland, which, as he suggested, was appropriate to the weather, to the land of her birth, and a decided improvement in euphony over the name she bore. She came, or seemed to come, into the factory with the bitterest wind that blew that awful morning; strong men were hurled from their feet, blinded, bewildered, lost within a block or two of safe, familiar places. Where she came from, or what necessity drove her out in such a storm, of course I did not know, but she was the first and only fruit borne that day by the placard dangling at the door and dashing in the faces of the few passers its exigent "Wanted Immediately! One Hundred Experienced Operators."

It was with every manifestation of derisive scorn that Billy hung the sign up on the hook projecting from the door-frame. "You don't get 'em in fair weather," said he, "an' I'm blessed if they'll come in a blizzard!" And Billy was right. Competency was seldom an attribute of those who applied for work at my desk, and yet there was, as a general thing, enough of them, Heaven knows. From sunrise to sunset the staircases, open from the street to the roof, were long narrow shoots through which the surplus population of unemployed women were forever in transit, and at any hour the boy might be heard hustling on the landing, and growling at the female obstructionists who beset his path, which at the best of times was "far from being," as he expressed it, "strewed with roses."

On this occasion, though he generally unburdened his mind in passing my desk, it was with some surprise that I noticed a new note in Billy's bark, which was always worse than his bite, and paused in my work to inquire the cause.

"What's the matter now?" he repeated, in a tone of mighty aggrievement; "'nuff's the matter! When I took down my coat off the peg this mornin' I knocked the north wind out of the sleeve at one end when I rammed my arm in at the other. It's so cold that there's frost in my pockets an' snow in the crown of my hat; an' I've got a nuther suit of clothes under this 'ere one; but, by jiminy! there's a girl out there without any stockings on—*that's* what's the matter!" and he pursued his way to the press-room totally eclipsed by the goods he carried, but muttering manfully at every step. If Billy had any specialty stronger than ubiquity, it was his knack at collecting facts hard to get and awkward to prove by anybody except a lively boy who was always turning up at unexpected times and in unexpected places. I did not ask him how he had arrived at his latest discovery, but waited with some curiosity to see the girl who was stockingless on such a day. Presently I heard her step outside the door, the heavy, inelastic tread of a foreigner to whom shoes are a nuisance and a hinderance. As she advanced, glancing in wild alarm at the belts, the shafting, and the whirling wheels, I saw that she was seventeen or thereabouts, with big dark eyes, raven hair, and a nose which for all its delicacy suggested the hawk. "This," said I to myself, "is a daughter of Israel upon her travels, and she wafts, as she comes, odors of the ship that brought her over." Storm-tossed and drabbled as she was, she had all the beauty of the women of her race in a striking degree. The fair oval of her face was like a spring flower miraculously growing unsullied out of a muck heap. The rest of her person from chin to foot was of the earth, earthy, defiled with spots, stains, and splashes which were not the accidents of the day, but the consequences of months. Personal neatness was not a very common trait among applicants, but a certain spurious gloss, a covering up and hiding of glaring defects, a setting of the best foot foremost, was observable in the most reckless or indifferent; this girl had not even the counterfeit presentment. She wore her dirt with the serene unconsciousness of a child who has just arisen from its pie-making in the mud, and whatever her anxieties, she had none evidently on the score of dress. And yet I was far from exacting in this respect: long experience had taught me how rare is that idealized species of poverty which charmed King Cophetua and his train. I no longer looked for it to perform impossible feats, among which are keeping immaculate its only suit of poor and flimsy material, and smelling sweet therein from January to June. I was not disappointed in the hapless crowd who did not practise the arts of the toilet as well as all the Christian virtues while laboring under fear, sorrow, hunger, miserable associations, lack of incentive, want of appliances, and total absence of cash. I could and did overlook much, still I had a lingering conviction that youth and the hope that is its birthright naturally sought the refreshment of water and a hand-basin of a morning; but the appearance of Anab Russland, I confess, gave me a shock. The nearer she came to me, the more indignant I grew. The curve of her cheek rounded off in the gray grime of her neck, the nails were inky, her skirts a thing to beware of; with but a trifle less frankness in her slovenliness and the mournful loveliness of that face, much might have been forgiven her. As it was, stockings or no stockings, I resolved to have no mercy on her, and to get rid of her as soon as possible.

Smothering my impatience, but making no effort to smooth out the gathering frown, I waited for her to address me. Of course she came with the old soul-tiring entreaty for work; my Proteus, sometimes bolder than brass, sometimes shyer than quicksilver, was easily detected, whatever guise concealed the restless spirit. It was always the same cry, "Work, give us work! not that we may eat, drink, and be merry with the proceeds, but that we may be kept alive a little while to do more work."

As she turned her frightened eyes from the machinery to me the troubled look in them cleared away, and with a smile she asked in English, not only broken but ground into powder between her white teeth, "You vant op-*pray*-ters?"

I shook my head, saying, decidedly, "You will not answer the purpose," and resumed my interrupted task of writing.

If she had gone at once, crushed and ashamed, as I supposed she would do, this account of her would never have been written. She would simply have been one soul more relegated to that shadowy realm wherein, in uneasy sleep, multitudes of women haunt my dreams with unforgettable faces and untold histories; but she did not go. In a tone of gentle surprise and remonstrance, she repeated, "Yes, you *vant* op-pray-ters!" and pointing to the stairway, she indicated by signs that she had her surety in the card swinging at its foot.

"But you will not suit our purpose," I reiterated; and once more she gently persisted:

"Aber you *vant* op-pray-ters! See, I know!" and again she pointed to the stairs.

"Now you're stuck!" cried Billy at my elbow. "She can't understand English, and you can't talk Rooshan. I guess it's worth while seein' this fight out;" and with every symptom of extreme interest he seated himself on the edge of a packing-box near by.

The dark eyes flashed as they turned a look of keen inquiry in the boy's direction, but still she stood, patient and silent, waiting for me to reconcile the placard below with her dismissal above. I will not say that I was sorry for her—sorry is a poor word to express the sense of ruth with which I daily rejected women whose incapability or unsuitability was only too apparent; but in her case my impatience was quickened, my compassion blunted, by the gray glaze of dirt upon her outstretched hands. How dared she spread them out before a stranger to supplicate a favor? It was quite true that I "couldn't speak Rooshan," but I remembered how my Yankee mother had given a lesson in cleanliness to one of her boys, whose dislike of water amounted, as she declared, to hydrophobia, by scouring one-half of him at a time, marching him up to the mirror, and making him note the difference between that side and the other, until in shame and dismay he begged to have "the other half scrubbed to match," and as an inspiration of the instant I resolved to adapt my mother's method to the girl before me. She would not go until she knew why she was not suitable to the work, and as I could not tell her, I must show her. Taking one of her unresisting hands in mine, I flattened it out upon my desk, and placed my own beside it. The contrast was even more startling than I had anticipated. I looked quickly into her face to catch the flush of mortification or of angry insolence that I felt must mantle it. Will it be believed that I saw there perplexity alone?

"Do you see the difference?" I questioned, sharply, in the very words that had made my brother wince.

Troubled at the tone, she gazed with knitted brows at the outspread palms, but not the faintest glimmering of my meaning dawned upon her; in fact, it presently became apparent that she was working out for herself quite another meaning, for she broke into a laugh that *brummt* in her chest like the music of a bass-viol, touched me significantly with her finger, and cried, "Yes, I know!" with vivacious delight. Squaring her shoulders, she came close beside me, and measured her height, her breadth, her arms, even her feet, by mine, and gave me in expressive pantomime to understand that being of larger growth than I in every respect, I could not reasonably expect her hand to be the same size as my own.

Deeply vexed, especially as Billy's interest became obtrusively mirthful, I picked up a sheet of white paper from my desk and drew her fingers hard across its surface. They left behind a dull, greasy streak, and I could not help, nor did I try to conceal, my disgust. "Do you see that?" I asked; "that's dirt. Why don't you wash yourself before you go hunting for work?" With the utmost docility she had allowed me to touch her, and with evident bewilderment she had followed every motion I made. Her head was still bent in examination of the soiled sheet when I spoke, and her forehead contracted as if this was but another phase of the old "riddle me, riddle me ree! now won't you tell me what this may be;" but when she lifted her eyes to mine I saw in them suddenly, as one sees a streak of lightning at midnight, a revelation: such a revelation as might have come to a blind man twitted with his sightless orbs, or to a cripple reviled for his hump.

Even Billy checked a laugh to mutter, half in remonstrance, half in amazement: "You might's well jaw a potato for livin' in the dirt as *her*. *She* don't know no better. What kin you expect of a girl that don't wear no stockings when the drifts is up to the nape of your neck?" And leaving his coign of vantage, he descended to the lower regions for a fresh load of goods, growling vigorously as he went.

What could I "expect," indeed, of a girl who stood and looked at me with a face like that? Until that instant she did not know that she was dirty, and the manner in which the knowledge had been forced upon her was rude in the extreme; but no resentment, no defiance, no impudence, occurred to her.

She fixed her brilliant dark eyes upon me, extended both hands, and said in her low, deep voice, "You vant op-pray-ters der vash villen?" And as she looked hurriedly about—perhaps for a convenient fountain—she continued, "All right; I vash ven you vill."

I shook my head, and pointed inexorably to her dress.

"You no like she?" she questioned softly. "I muss and ever bringen?" Her childish eagerness was painful to behold; her womanly despair at my answer was too much even for my well-seasoned sternness. With a downward sweep of her hands that included, or seemed to include, every rag upon her back, she cried: "My God! I *can* no other! It is my all!"

It occurred to me then that I had been hard upon her. If the great Czar Peter himself was the undesirable filthy barbarian Macaulay declares, what could this poor child, one of the meanest and most oppressed of his successor's subjects, know of the amenities of life? I was free to try experiments in my own department, and I resolved, though not without misgivings, to see what might be done with a creature so recently from the steppes—from regions of winter and of howling wolves. A pretty handling she would make of the firm's lawn and lace for a while! However, we would see.

At this juncture Billy, whose ubiquity I have mentioned, reappeared, with the remark that "the storm was a-b'ilin'," and I saw that the matter of those stockingless legs still lay heavily on his mind. He had had a hard row to hoe in his fourteen years of life, and gruff as he pretended to be, the women might have done worse than to waylay him upon the stairs to plead for them, for a cause that he advocated was as good as won. He was hovering around now, as I very well knew, in the capacity of guardian angel, in a jacket too small and gum boots too large for him, and he would continue to hover until I had reached some conclusion concerning the girl.

"Billy," said I, reflectively, "go get me my cake of soap." He jumped at my bidding, but before he trotted off he exclaimed: "Betcher life she'll eat it! *She* don't know nothin'. She'd eat a candle if you gave her one, and that's 'nuff sight worse 'n soap." To guard against such a probability I explained its use to her, not only in pantomime and in English, but also, seeing she spoke a little of that language, in German. She smiled brightly, rubbed her right hand vigorously, and poured forth a jargon that rattled about my ears like hailstones. "You may come back any day, so that you come clean," said I; "and then we'll see what you can do."

With a face that was radiant and a salutation indescribably foreign, she went down the narrow stairs, attended by Billy, whose interest in herself and in the cake of soap prompted him to tread upon her heels to the very threshold, and to watch her disappear in the raging storm.

In the press of various duties I had almost forgotten her, when, somewhere about noon, Billy came rushing up the stairs in a high state of excitement. "She's back again!" he declared. "She's a-wabblin' up the steps in them wooden shoes of hern! Here she is now!"

Sure enough, there she stood, breathless, crimson-cheeked, sprinkled thick with frosty flakes. "You vant op-pray-ters der die hände vash villen," she said. "See, I vash my hand;" and in token of good faith she extended the one which had left its mark upon the paper. It was measurably clean: grime like hers does not come off with one soaking.

"Let's see the other one," said Billy; and in boyish mischief he seized and held it up. With a long whistling breath he dropped it, uttering his favorite exclamation, "By jiminy! *she's only washed the one!*" And so indeed she had.

For his thoughtless impudence, and not for his discovery—she was really not aware he had made any—she turned upon him and said, with a dignity that rendered the words outrageously incongruous, "Boy, got to hell! you hear me?" And having transfixed him with astonishment, she gave me her attention with the serenest of glances and an unruffled brow. Feeling that there was nothing further possible in the way of surprise, I ordered Billy off the scene; but before he went, true to his chivalrous instincts, he said: "I wouldn't take no notice of it if I was you. *She* don't know nothin'. *She* thinks she's a-layin' me out as polite as you please, and I don't mind anyway. If she'd cuss me in Rooshan, now, I wouldn't stand it." And so murmuring excuses for her, he once more descended to the lower regions. In justice to her, I was convinced from the innocent unconcern of her manner that the import of the words she had used was unknown to her, or misapprehended; still, to guard against a repetition of the catastrophe, I was bound to "take notice of it," notwithstanding the entreaty of her self-constituted knight-errant. I gravely set forth her offence, and assured her that swearing in the future would entail instant dismissal from the factory. When she gathered my meaning, the horror on her countenance and her fervent deprecation were almost ludicrous.

Her distress was too genuine to admit of doubt, but as I led her down the long room I wondered much what next she would do in the way of outraging the proprieties of life. Giving her a seat in an unoccupied corner and some simple work to do, I left her in the care of a quiet German girl, and as I went back to my desk I saw Billy glowering at her in boyish pity, with his chin upon the landing and his body on the stairs, and I knew there would be two at least to watch over her.

In the next six weeks the city markets were bright with fruits and flowers, and the city parks sweet with clover; but while everything else had changed, Anah Russland in the self-same dress sat working assiduously in her corner. Along with our legitimate labors, Billy and I still had her upon our hands, and he declared that it was "as good as travelling with a circus," and it was. A girl without the slightest groundwork of elementary knowledge upon which to base the lessons it was necessary to give her was something of a charge, and from one day to another there was no telling what might not, through her midnight of ignorance, befall Anah. When the hard black bread which formed her only lunch palled upon her taste, she took to eating green cucumbers, unsalted and unpeeled, and placidly washed them down with draughts of water. Billy, who in his youth had gone through a course of green apples and escaped with his life, undertook to impress upon her a terror of what he called "getting tied into knots with cholera an' morbus," but merely with the effect of having her, with the greatest docility, exchange cucumbers for lemons, unripe tomatoes, and penny cantaloupes. She was pliable as wax, facile as water, in all respects but one, and in that one she was as flint or fate. No persuasion could induce her to part with a penny of her wages, and her penuriousness was her most remarkable trait. Carelessly setting it down to the account of her Semitic origin, I cited her before my tribunal, and told her that she must buy a decent dress, if not for her own sake, then for the sake of her neighbors in the work-room. She listened, and would, as I thought, have made some explanation or remonstrance, but as neither her English nor her German was equal to the occasion, she went silently back to her seat, and though tears fell upon her flying fingers for the rest of that day, the morrow saw her in the same attire. Billy, faithful to her in season and out of season, excused all her shortcomings, with his "*She* don't know no better," or "What can you expect?" followed by startling instances of the density of her mental darkness. Still he guarded her too closely for her to go fatally astray, so far as personal safety was concerned, and by dint of walking home with her at night and lying in wait for her of a morning, he made his own opportunities of serving her. Under his guidance she learned the way to the free baths, the ice-water fountains, and the flower shows, delighted with anything and everything that did not cost money; but from the simplest pleasures, however cheap the price, she would turn away stiff as a stone, deaf as a post. She mastered with amazing celerity the details of her work, and she was shrewd enough to keep her skin clean when she found that it cost money, in the shape of fines, to be dirty; otherwise she was simply a savage with a beautiful face.

"What gets me off," said Billy one day when she was under discussion, "is how she ever lived over there on the other side. You can tell more about her from her questions than from her answers, because," he continued, naïvely, "there's one bad thing about Anah, and that is, if you ask her anything in English she *will* answer you in Rooshan, and then you're done. She wanted to know the other night who drew water from the well for my mother, and if the floor of my bedroom was stone, with leaves and stuff strewed all over it, and if I slept out in the yard when it was hot. She don't know nuthin', she don't, an' if you tell her anything, you've got to build her up from the ground-floor."

"There are thousands like her, Billy," said I; "but we must do what we can."

"Gosh!" exclaimed he, with the roundest of eyes, "*why don't somebody tell Congress? We* can't take 'em all!"

About an hour after this conversation he came in from one of his tramps in the delivery of goods twirling a rose between his teeth. In days before, the flotsam and jetsam of his gathering had generally been bestowed upon myself, but lately much of it fell to Anah. Eyes that were hungry with longing for the lovely spray followed him from right and left—there was not a girl in the factory who was not "wild about flowers"; but he flung it down upon Anah's machine with a grunt, as if glad to be rid of it, and went about his business. The illumination of her dark eyes might have gratified him if he had looked back, but he did not. Nothing, except perhaps the gold of which she seemed so greedy, could have brought that sudden flash of joy to her face but pure delight in her acquisition. I watched her furtively petting and caressing it with tender touches, and was considerably surprised when a little later Billy, who, like the bad penny of the proverb, was sure to turn up, came to me and said, disgustedly, "*She* don't care for flowers; I thought she would."

"How do you know she doesn't?" I asked.

"She don't stick 'em in water," he replied, sententiously, and went off in a huff as well as a hurry. I left my desk and walked down the room between the long rows of machines until I came to Anah. The poor flower lay wilted before her on a scrap of muslin, and when she looked up at me there were tears in her eyes.

"It lives not one hour in this fire," she said; "I would it could live ever, ever!" I said nothing, but taking it up I placed it in a glass with a little water, knowing that it would revive, and went back to my place. In a few minutes she came running, contrary to rule and regardless of fines, to tell me, with sparkling eyes, of the miracle I had wrought.

"Come and see," she cried, excitedly, taking me by the sleeve; "it lives again!" and if any one has a doubt that her astonishment was genuine I will add that she paid the price of that breach of discipline without a murmur.

Thinking that Billy probably might be able to throw some light on the motive of her extreme parsimony, I asked him if he had noticed how impossible it was to make her spend any money, even for a decent dress.

"'Tain't her fault," said he, gruffly; "it's because of the Wily One."

"And who is the Wily One?" I asked, with much interest.

"Blessed if I know," he asserted; "but she's got a nose like a hook and an eye like a gimlet, and she's the worst-lookin' old bird in the rookery where Anah lives. There's crowds of 'em all livin' in one house, but the Wily One *she's* always on hand, rain or shine, an' she pounces down on Anah like a wild-cat."

"Maybe it is her mother," I suggested.

"Mother's in Roosha," said he, shortly; "an' so's her five brothers an' her five sisters. She told me that much in English. She come over all alone, but what brought her here *I* don't know, nor nobody else except that old witch in the black wig and gold ear-rings. *She* knows, betcher life!"

The Wily One, it was evident, had made an unfavorable impression upon Billy, but I had no time just then to give to further investigation. Surge upon surge of good hard work rolled over us both from dawn until dark, and buffeting with the breakers of trade kept us busy every waking hour. For the present I allowed the matter to rest, and meant, at the earliest opportunity, to find out the truth. Another month passed by, and Anah's fair face grew a trifle less round, a shade or two paler, and the childishly curved lips less ready to smile. She was failing faster in the confinement and the stifling air than I thought she would, but she clung to her work—and to her wages—like a barnacle to a ship's bottom, and made no complaint. Then, one sunny morning, she came to me to ask, for the first time, a day off. Greatly hurried, I inquired when and why, as usual.

As to the when, it must be to-morrow, and as to the why, she thought not she could stand it to fast the long day and the work also to do. In the evening she must marry. Would I come to the wedding?

The notice was short and rather stunning, but the business being imperative, I granted her request, and accepted her invitation to be present, conditionally. She had spoken without a blush or a tremor, but as I glanced at her face during the day I saw how its mournful beauty had deepened, how no smile lighted the downcast eyes and no color glowed in the pale cheek as her head drooped over her work. Remembering the Wily One, I grew uneasy, and sent for the girl to come to me.

"Anah," said I, with my hand upon hers, "do you *want* to marry?"

With an innocent lifting of the black brows that always beguiled me into a belief in her, she answered, "Girls *must* marry; for that I am."

"Do you know the man well?"

"Two months know I that man."

"And do you love him?"

She started nervously, looked earnestly into my face, and if eyes could speak, hers were eloquent, but of what? Alas! I did not know. The language in which she seemed about to pour out her heart was a sealed book to me. Pressing my hand tight to her breast for an instant she sighed, and as confidences under the circumstances were impossible, she returned to her work without another word; but I made up my mind then and there to be at the wedding, and to take Billy with me, to see fair play.

On the morrow Anah's place was vacant. According to the law, she was undergoing the fast necessary to bring her into a proper condition of mind and body for the ordeal of marriage. Painful misgivings in regard to her cropped up so often during the slow hours of the working day that it was with a positive sense of relief I signalled to Billy when the minute of release had come, and under his guidance made haste through the narrow streets to the scene of the wedding. The air of the soft spring night should have borne healing on its wings, but in the part of the city where Anah lived it was laden with pestilence, grit, foul odors. The whole neighborhood was astir, and long before we reached the house we heard the twanging of harps and the squeak of the violins.

"Now, Billy," said I, unable to rid myself of a vague notion that we might be called upon to rescue the girl from her fate, "the quacking of a goose saved Rome—"

"Don't you be afraid," he interrupted, eagerly, "but what I kin quack loud enough if there's anything to quack about;" and following the stream of people, we came square up to the door of a dingy saloon.

"Surely it can't be here," I said, doubtfully, consulting the address.

"It's all right," answered Billy, who knew every turn in Rag Fair; "it's in the hall upstairs; but we've got to go through the bar-room; there ain't no other door."

"Needs must when the devil drives," I muttered, and in we went, through clouds of smoke and fumes of beer, and up the winding stair. Not a dark face looked at us but knew that we were strangers; not one of the motley guests passed us unaware of our alien presence. By some impalpable sign the whole company became cognizant of the Gentile intruders; but beyond the black eyes that watched us from beneath their heavy brows we met with no molestation, and were treated with the courtesy of indifference. The hall was a good-sized room, rudely decorated for the occasion with faded bunting, and every available foot of space held an occupant. When we entered, the older men seemed to be holding solemn conclave over the signing of papers, but the younger folks were dancing in the maddest confusion. As the whirl parted we caught sight of Anah, decked as a lamb for the slaughter, and spinning in a waltz with the merriest of them. When the dancers drew nearer to us in their round, she saw us, stopped short, stretched out her hands like one drowning, and uttered a cry that had in it the wail of despair. I took one step forward, saw the tears flashing upon her cheeks, almost touched her, when the dancers again closed around her, and she was gone. Between us glided the withered yellow countenance, the wig, the gold ear-rings, and the hooked nose of the Wily One.

"Anah wants me—she is crying!" I exclaimed, excitedly. "Let me go!" shaking her claw from my arm.

"Yes, my dear," said the hag, with a coolness so consummate that it took my breath—"yes, she weeps that there are not more friends to honor her wedding."

"But I want to speak to her myself."

"So you shall," she answered, persuasively—"so you shall. I will bring her to you when the dance is done;" and she disappeared as suddenly as she came.

She was as good as her word. Though the din and discord of the music never ceased, she presently returned, leading Anah by the hand, with a body-guard of revellers to the right, to the left, and in the rear.

"By jiminy!" whispered Billy, "I wouldn't know her."

Her face was like marble; black circles were beneath the eyes, whose lids seemed too heavy to lift. She trembled with weakness, but her lips were pressed together, and she was voiceless and tearless as a stone.

"Speak to your friends, my dear; bid them welcome to your *Hochzeit*," croaked the old woman; "do not be shy."

Like one dazed, the girl murmured a few indistinct words, and a faint smile hovered round her lips.

"Anah," said Billy, stepping forward with a very red face, "do you *want* to be married? 'Cause if you don't, just say so, and I'll call in—"

But before he could finish there arose from the throng such a Babel of voices, such a chattering, gesticulating, and shrill shrieking in an unknown tongue, as I do not expect to hear again this side of the day of judgment. Never loosening her clutch, the Wily One led the chorus, the whole of which was directed to Anah. Starting as from the terror of an ill dream, she straightened herself up, drew a long breath, and looked about her; then turning, and gently rejecting the hand that Billy had extended, she kissed her finger-tips to us in farewell, and was carried off to the other end of the room, where, under a canopy, the bridegroom, encirled by patriarchs, awaited her coming. That he was tall, young, and not unpleasant-faced was but a grain of comfort. Even while we stood, somewhat crestfallen, considering what service, if any, we might render her, the Hebrew ritual was chanted, the wine drank, the glass crushed, and the lighted candles in a cross-eyed maze flew bewilderingly about her, borne in the hands of the company. For us Anah Russland had ceased to exist.

What her surname now is I do not know, but in the same corner, in the same dress, at the same work, sits Anah, assiduously bending over her machine. The veil, the chain, the rings, the flower wreath—all the property of the Wily One—are safely locked up until another occasion calls them forth. The bride still saves every penny of her wages; but Billy was right: all that she earns belongs to the old woman with the gimlet eyes, and she exacts payment to the utmost farthing. Passage-money, bonus, interest, board, keep Anah's nose close to the grindstone, and I see her growing paler day by day. As for the bridegroom, having paid a round sum for the girl he never saw until the day she landed, he too is struggling to liquidate his indebtedness in the same quarter, and the cost of the hall, the harps, the lights, and the rest of the wedding paraphernalia he is scraping together in a morocco factory in a distant town. And is this the blank and bald conclusion of my story? By no means. By the last mail over the sea there went a photograph—I saw it myself—of a bride in a veil and a crown of flowers clasping the hand of her betrothed. It makes a handsome picture, and—the more's the pity!—there is no hint in it that the finery is all borrowed, nor that the couple are, under the Wily One's subtle management, a mere advertisement that will set the girls and boys of the Russian village wild with a fever to cross the ocean. How Branna, Reifga, Ilka, Genesca, and Chia will twitter over their sister's good fortune! When they do come—and the very next steamer may bring them—and find their way to the work-room door, what are Billy and I to do with them?

Will somebody rise to explain?

WARNER MILLER.

The Republican candidate for Governor of New York was born just fifty years ago. His father lived then on a farm in Oswego County. The family had come, however, from White Plains, in Westchester County, where his great-grandfather, a colonel in the Revolutionary army, once entertained General **Washington** at his house, and where his uncle, **Abraham Miller**, had almost come up to General **Husted**'s present record by representing his district in the Assembly for fourteen years. The farmer's boy had in his blood something of both the warrior and the politician. He attended the district school and academy, and by the time he was eighteen years of age he was ready for college. His father, however, was not a wealthy man, and if it had not been for the boy's own pluck and persistence he would never have had a collegiate education. He went to Schenectady, entered Union College, and was graduated in 1860, contributing toward his maintenance while in college by teaching school. Almost immediately upon graduation he was offered the place of Professor of Greek and Latin in the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, and gladly accepted it. Before a year was past, however, his academic career was cut short by the breaking out of the war. The martial spirit was stirred within him, and leaving Fort Edward, he went to Northville, Fulton County, where his parents were then living, and set about raising a company. His efforts were not altogether successful, for the number of the company was not filled up. He and those whom he had induced to enlist therefore joined the Fifth New York Cavalry as private soldiers, and went with it to join General **Banks** in the Shenandoah Valley. There Private **Miller** was promoted to a Lieutenancy for meritorious services, but he never attained a higher rank. At one of the battles near Winchester he was taken prisoner by "Stonewall" **Jackson**, and soon after, upon **Jackson**'s hurried retreat before **Fremont**, he was paroled. No opportunity for exchange being offered, he and his companions in parole were ordered to their homes, and Mr. **Miller** went to Fort Edward, where he accepted a position in a paper-mill, and soon became its superintendent.

While at Fort Edward Mr. **Miller** studied paper-making thoroughly, and when at last he was sent to Belgium to introduce in a mill there an American method of manufacture he was an expert. On his return, having invented a process of paper manufacture out of wood pulp, he organized a company, and began trying to sell his machines for making paper out of wood. It was a hard struggle: the paper-makers were conservative, and did not readily take his machines, and the young inventor had all he could do to pull through. Finally, however, his perseverance triumphed, his method was generally adopted, and he became financially independent. When he began making paper its price was fifteen cents a pound. By the use of his machines the price, for the quality used in newspapers, has been reduced to four and a half cents.

Mr. **Miller** began his political career in 1867, when he was made chairman of the County Committee. In 1873 and 1874 he was chosen to represent his district in the Assembly. In 1877 he increased his reputation as a political manager by successfully engineering Mr. **George B. Sloan**'s campaign for the Speakership of the Assembly. In 1878 he received the nomination of his Congressional district, consisting of Lewis, Herkimer, and Jefferson counties, for its Representative, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1880. In 1881 came the "Stalwart–Half-Breed" fight in the New York Legislature which ensued upon the resignation of Senators **Conkling** and **Platt**. After a stubborn contest **Warner Miller** was chosen as Mr. **Platt**'s successor.

As a Senator of the United States Mr. **Miller**'s career was of the useful rather than the ornamental kind. He was the principal champion of the anti-oleomargarine bill, and it was mainly due to his unremitting efforts that that bill became a law. He introduced the bill levying a head-money tax upon immigrants, and that which forbids the landing upon our shores of paupers or criminals. He brought in a bill authorizing the appropriation of $750,000 as a subsidy for a line of steamers to South America, which did not become a law. He supported the Republican protective tariff policy, and in 1883 secured a duty of five cents a ton on iron ore, and a heavy duty upon imported cigars.

The history of his struggle for re-election is too recent to need recapitulation. One of his competitors is now Senator, and the other is the Republican candidate for Vice-President. His own nomination to the Governorship has been a foregone conclusion ever since the triangular Senatorial contest was ended.

Of Mr. **Miller**'s private life there is no occasion to speak further than to say that he is married and has four children, aged respectively twenty, eighteen, sixteen, and thirteen, and that he is an influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER.

Colonel Cruger, the Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is of Dutch descent. His grandfather, **Stephen Van Rensselaer**, was the last of the great patroons, and was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of the State. His great-grandfather, **John Cruger**, was the first Mayor of New York city, and his grandfather **Cruger**, also named **John**, was President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger was born in this city on the 9th of May, 1844. His boyhood was passed mainly at Cruger's Island, his father's home, near Albany. He was educated partly, however, in Europe, where he was at the outbreak of the war. In 1862, although he was only eighteen years old, he returned home, and at once enlisted in the 150th Regiment New York Volunteers. He was appointed First Lieutenant of Company F, and went with his comrades to the front. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, and commanded his company during the engagement. In August, 1863, he was made Adjutant, and his regiment was assigned to the Twentieth Army Corps, then with **Sherman**. In the spring of 1864 Adjutant **Cruger** took part in the early battles of the Atlanta campaign, and at Resaca he was so badly wounded that it was supposed he would be permanently disabled. In a few months, however, he was so far recovered that he applied for a reinstatement. His request was granted, and in September he rejoined the army in time to take part in the March to the Sea. On the march from Savannah northward he took part in several severe engagements, in one of which, at Averysborough, he had a horse shot under him. Before the surrender of **Johnston** he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and served until June, 1865, as Chief of Ordnance of the First Division of his corps. Upon the close of the war he was made brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallant and meritorious conduct" during the campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas.

In 1867 Colonel **Cruger** went into business as a real estate agent. He is the manager of several large estates, and succeeded General **Dix** as Comptroller of the Trinity Church corporation. He is a director in several large financial institutions, and a trustee of the Astor Library.

Colonel **Cruger**'s business pursuits have not chilled his ardor for things military, and he has done much to promote the interests of the city militia. He has been successively Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and only recently resigned the last-named position.

In politics Colonel **Cruger** has not been especially prominent. He would never consent to take office, but has served as chairman of the Republican County Committee during the past year.

A LITTLE.

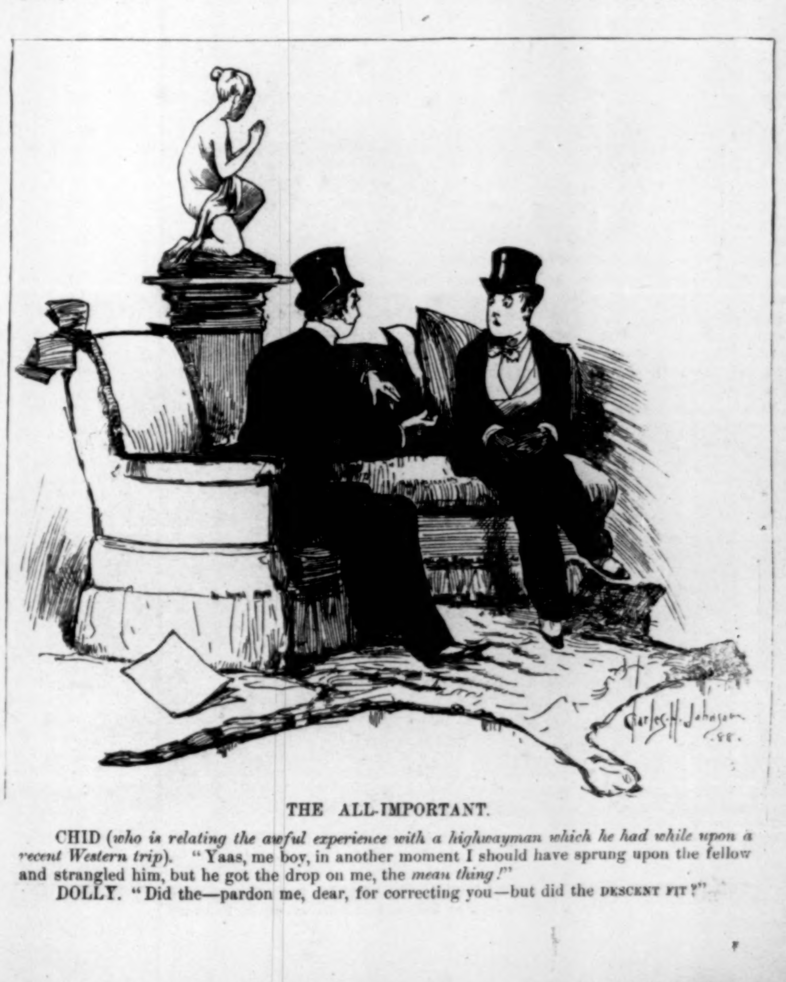
So little made me glad, for I was young:
  Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
  Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through—
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy, now I'm old:
  Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire;
  The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet, between the little then and now,
  What worlds of life, of thought and feeling keen!
  What spiritual depths and heights unseen!—
Ah me! between the little then and now.

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
  Then we rush onward through the changing years,
  Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little: we are old.

Alice Wellington Rollins.


Charles H. Johnson '88.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT.

CHID (*who is relating the awful experience with a highwayman which he had while upon a recent Western trip*). "Yaas, me boy, in another moment I should have sprung upon the fellow and strangled him, but he got the drop on me, the *mean thing!*"

DOLLY. "Did the—pardon me, dear, for correcting you—but did the DESCENT FIT?"

A GIRL I KNOW.

By "A WORKING-GIRL."

It was spring by the calendar, but midwinter by the weather, on the day I made the acquaintance of Anah Russland. Her sponsors, if she had any, named her Anah. Billy, youngest of the errand-boys and my very particular gad-fly, called her Russland. What her surname actually was will never be known to me in this world, though she told me again and again. There were not consonants enough in the English alphabet to spell it, and only a vocal gymnast could have pronounced it.

"Sounds to me," said Billy, "like a ton of coal rattling into a coal-bin." And as this approximation was difficult of achievement with mere pen and ink, I entered her upon my roll-book as Anah Russland, which, as he suggested, was appropriate to the weather, to the land of her birth, and a decided improvement in euphony over the name she bore. She came, or seemed to come, into the factory with the bitterest wind that blew that awful morning; strong men were hurled from their feet, blinded, bewildered, lost within a block or two of safe, familiar places. Where she came from, or what necessity drove her out in such a storm, of course I did not know, but she was the first and only fruit borne that day by the placard dangling at the door and dashing in the faces of the few passers its exigent "Wanted Immediately! One Hundred Experienced Operators."

It was with every manifestation of derisive scorn that Billy hung the sign up on the hook projecting from the door-frame. "You don't get 'em in fair weather," said he, "an' I'm blessed if they'll come in a blizzard!" And Billy was right. Competency was seldom an attribute of those who applied for work at my desk, and yet there was, as a general thing, enough of them, Heaven knows. From sunrise to sunset the staircases, open from the street to the roof, were long narrow shoots through which the surplus population of unemployed women were forever in transit, and at any hour the boy might be heard hustling on the landing, and growling at the female obstructionists who beset his path, which at the best of times was "far from being," as he expressed it, "strewed with roses."

On this occasion, though he generally unburdened his mind in passing my desk, it was with some surprise that I noticed a new note in Billy's bark, which was always worse than his bite, and paused in my work to inquire the cause.

"What's the matter now?" he repeated, in a tone of mighty aggrievement; "'nuff's the matter! When I took down my coat off the peg this mornin' I knocked the north wind out of the sleeve at one end when I rammed my arm in at the other. It's so cold that there's frost in my pockets an' snow in the crown of my hat; an' I've got a nuther suit of clothes under this 'ere one; but, by jiminy! there's a girl out there without any stockings on—*that's* what's the matter!" and he pursued his way to the press-room totally eclipsed by the goods he carried, but muttering manfully at every step. If Billy had any specialty stronger than ubiquity, it was his knack at collecting facts hard to get and awkward to prove by anybody except a lively boy who was always turning up at unexpected times and in unexpected places. I did not ask him how he had arrived at his latest discovery, but waited with some curiosity to see the girl who was stockingless on such a day. Presently I heard her step outside the door, the heavy, inelastic tread of a foreigner to whom shoes are a nuisance and a hinderance. As she advanced, glancing in wild alarm at the belts, the shafting, and the whirling wheels, I saw that she was seventeen or thereabouts, with big dark eyes, raven hair, and a nose which for all its delicacy suggested the hawk. "This," said I to myself, "is a daughter of Israel upon her travels, and she wafts, as she comes, odors of the ship that brought her over." Storm-tossed and drabbled as she was, she had all the beauty of the women of her race in a striking degree. The fair oval of her face was like a spring flower miraculously growing unsullied out of a muck heap. The rest of her person from chin to foot was of the earth, earthy, defiled with spots, stains, and splashes which were not the accidents of the day, but the consequences of months. Personal neatness was not a very common trait among applicants, but a certain spurious gloss, a covering up and hiding of glaring defects, a setting of the best foot foremost, was observable in the most reckless or indifferent; this girl had not even the counterfeit presentment. She wore her dirt with the serene unconsciousness of a child who has just arisen from its pie-making in the mud, and whatever her anxieties, she had none evidently on the score of dress. And yet I was far from exacting in this respect: long experience had taught me how rare is that idealized species of poverty which charmed King Cophetua and his train. I no longer looked for it to perform impossible feats, among which are keeping immaculate its only suit of poor and flimsy material, and smelling sweet therein from January to June. I was not disappointed in the hapless crowd who did not practise the arts of the toilet as well as all the Christian virtues while laboring under fear, sorrow, hunger, miserable associations, lack of incentive, want of appliances, and total absence of cash. I could and did overlook much, still I had a lingering conviction that youth and the hope that is its birthright naturally sought the refreshment of water and a hand-basin of a morning; but the appearance of Anab Russland, I confess, gave me a shock. The nearer she came to me, the more indignant I grew. The curve of her cheek rounded off in the gray grime of her neck, the nails were inky, her skirts a thing to beware of; with but a trifle less frankness in her slovenliness and the mournful loveliness of that face, much might have been forgiven her. As it was, stockings or no stockings, I resolved to have no mercy on her, and to get rid of her as soon as possible.

Smothering my impatience, but making no effort to smooth out the gathering frown, I waited for her to address me. Of course she came with the old soul-tiring entreaty for work; my Proteus, sometimes bolder than brass, sometimes shyer than quicksilver, was easily detected, whatever guise concealed the restless spirit. It was always the same cry, "Work, give us work! not that we may eat, drink, and be merry with the proceeds, but that we may be kept alive a little while to do more work."

As she turned her frightened eyes from the machinery to me the troubled look in them cleared away, and with a smile she asked in English, not only broken but ground into powder between her white teeth, "You vant op-*pray*-ters?"

I shook my head, saying, decidedly, "You will not answer the purpose," and resumed my interrupted task of writing.

If she had gone at once, crushed and ashamed, as I supposed she would do, this account of her would never have been written. She would simply have been one soul more relegated to that shadowy realm wherein, in uneasy sleep, multitudes of women haunt my dreams with unforgettable faces and untold histories; but she did not go. In a tone of gentle surprise and remonstrance, she repeated, "Yes, you *vant* op-pray-ters!" and pointing to the stairway, she indicated by signs that she had her surety in the card swinging at its foot.

"But you will not suit our purpose," I reiterated; and once more she gently persisted:

"Aber you *vant* op-pray-ters! See, I know!" and again she pointed to the stairs.

"Now you're stuck!" cried Billy at my elbow. "She can't understand English, and you can't talk Rooshan. I guess it's worth while seein' this fight out;" and with every symptom of extreme interest he seated himself on the edge of a packing-box near by.

The dark eyes flashed as they turned a look of keen inquiry in the boy's direction, but still she stood, patient and silent, waiting for me to reconcile the placard below with her dismissal above. I will not say that I was sorry for her—sorry is a poor word to express the sense of ruth with which I daily rejected women whose incapability or unsuitability was only too apparent; but in her case my impatience was quickened, my compassion blunted, by the gray glaze of dirt upon her outstretched hands. How dared she spread them out before a stranger to supplicate a favor? It was quite true that I "couldn't speak Rooshan," but I remembered how my Yankee mother had given a lesson in cleanliness to one of her boys, whose dislike of water amounted, as she declared, to hydrophobia, by scouring one-half of him at a time, marching him up to the mirror, and making him note the difference between that side and the other, until in shame and dismay he begged to have "the other half scrubbed to match," and as an inspiration of the instant I resolved to adapt my mother's method to the girl before me. She would not go until she knew why she was not suitable to the work, and as I could not tell her, I must show her. Taking one of her unresisting hands in mine, I flattened it out upon my desk, and placed my own beside it. The contrast was even more startling than I had anticipated. I looked quickly into her face to catch the flush of mortification or of angry insolence that I felt must mantle it. Will it be believed that I saw there perplexity alone?

"Do you see the difference?" I questioned, sharply, in the very words that had made my brother wince.

Troubled at the tone, she gazed with knitted brows at the outspread palms, but not the faintest glimmering of my meaning dawned upon her; in fact, it presently became apparent that she was working out for herself quite another meaning, for she broke into a laugh that *brummt* in her chest like the music of a bass-viol, touched me significantly with her finger, and cried, "Yes, I know!" with vivacious delight. Squaring her shoulders, she came close beside me, and measured her height, her breadth, her arms, even her feet, by mine, and gave me in expressive pantomime to understand that being of larger growth than I in every respect, I could not reasonably expect her hand to be the same size as my own.

Deeply vexed, especially as Billy's interest became obtrusively mirthful, I picked up a sheet of white paper from my desk and drew her fingers hard across its surface. They left behind a dull, greasy streak, and I could not help, nor did I try to conceal, my disgust. "Do you see that?" I asked; "that's dirt. Why don't you wash yourself before you go hunting for work?" With the utmost docility she had allowed me to touch her, and with evident bewilderment she had followed every motion I made. Her head was still bent in examination of the soiled sheet when I spoke, and her forehead contracted as if this was but another phase of the old "riddle me, riddle me ree! now won't you tell me what this may be;" but when she lifted her eyes to mine I saw in them suddenly, as one sees a streak of lightning at midnight, a revelation: such a revelation as might have come to a blind man twitted with his sightless orbs, or to a cripple reviled for his hump.

Even Billy checked a laugh to mutter, half in remonstrance, half in amazement: "You might's well jaw a potato for livin' in the dirt as *her*. *She* don't know no better. What kin you expect of a girl that don't wear no stockings when the drifts is up to the nape of your neck?" And leaving his coign of vantage, he descended to the lower regions for a fresh load of goods, growling vigorously as he went.

What could I "expect," indeed, of a girl who stood and looked at me with a face like that? Until that instant she did not know that she was dirty, and the manner in which the knowledge had been forced upon her was rude in the extreme; but no resentment, no defiance, no impudence, occurred to her.

She fixed her brilliant dark eyes upon me, extended both hands, and said in her low, deep voice, "You vant op-pray-ters der vash villen?" And as she looked hurriedly about—perhaps for a convenient fountain—she continued, "All right; I vash ven you vill."

I shook my head, and pointed inexorably to her dress.

"You no like she?" she questioned softly. "I muss and ever bringen?" Her childish eagerness was painful to behold; her womanly despair at my answer was too much even for my well-seasoned sternness. With a downward sweep of her hands that included, or seemed to include, every rag upon her back, she cried: "My God! I *can* no other! It is my all!"

It occurred to me then that I had been hard upon her. If the great Czar Peter himself was the undesirable filthy barbarian Macaulay declares, what could this poor child, one of the meanest and most oppressed of his successor's subjects, know of the amenities of life? I was free to try experiments in my own department, and I resolved, though not without misgivings, to see what might be done with a creature so recently from the steppes—from regions of winter and of howling wolves. A pretty handling she would make of the firm's lawn and lace for a while! However, we would see.

At this juncture Billy, whose ubiquity I have mentioned, reappeared, with the remark that "the storm was a-b'ilin'," and I saw that the matter of those stockingless legs still lay heavily on his mind. He had had a hard row to hoe in his fourteen years of life, and gruff as he pretended to be, the women might have done worse than to waylay him upon the stairs to plead for them, for a cause that he advocated was as good as won. He was hovering around now, as I very well knew, in the capacity of guardian angel, in a jacket too small and gum boots too large for him, and he would continue to hover until I had reached some conclusion concerning the girl.

"Billy," said I, reflectively, "go get me my cake of soap." He jumped at my bidding, but before he trotted off he exclaimed: "Betcher life she'll eat it! *She* don't know nothin'. She'd eat a candle if you gave her one, and that's 'nuff sight worse 'n soap." To guard against such a probability I explained its use to her, not only in pantomime and in English, but also, seeing she spoke a little of that language, in German. She smiled brightly, rubbed her right hand vigorously, and poured forth a jargon that rattled about my ears like hailstones. "You may come back any day, so that you come clean," said I; "and then we'll see what you can do."

With a face that was radiant and a salutation indescribably foreign, she went down the narrow stairs, attended by Billy, whose interest in herself and in the cake of soap prompted him to tread upon her heels to the very threshold, and to watch her disappear in the raging storm.

In the press of various duties I had almost forgotten her, when, somewhere about noon, Billy came rushing up the stairs in a high state of excitement. "She's back again!" he declared. "She's a-wabblin' up the steps in them wooden shoes of hern! Here she is now!"

Sure enough, there she stood, breathless, crimson-cheeked, sprinkled thick with frosty flakes. "You vant op-pray-ters der die hände vash villen," she said. "See, I vash my hand;" and in token of good faith she extended the one which had left its mark upon the paper. It was measurably clean: grime like hers does not come off with one soaking.

"Let's see the other one," said Billy; and in boyish mischief he seized and held it up. With a long whistling breath he dropped it, uttering his favorite exclamation, "By jiminy! *she's only washed the one!*" And so indeed she had.

For his thoughtless impudence, and not for his discovery—she was really not aware he had made any—she turned upon him and said, with a dignity that rendered the words outrageously incongruous, "Boy, got to hell! you hear me?" And having transfixed him with astonishment, she gave me her attention with the sérenest of glances and an unruffled brow. Feeling that there was nothing further possible in the way of surprise, I ordered Billy off the scene; but before he went, true to his chivalrous instincts, he said: "I wouldn't take no notice of it if I was you. *She* don't know nothin'. *She* thinks she's a-layin' me out as polite as you please, and I don't mind anyway. If she'd cuss me in Rooshan, now, I wouldn't stand it." And so murmuring excuses for her, he once more descended to the lower regions. In justice to her, I was convinced from the innocent unconcern of her manner that the import of the words she had used was unknown to her, or misapprehended; still, to guard against a repetition of the catastrophe, I was bound to "take notice of it," notwithstanding the entreaty of her self-constituted knight-errant. I gravely set forth her offence, and assured her that swearing in the future would entail instant dismissal from the factory. When she gathered my meaning, the horror on her countenance and her fervent deprecation were almost ludicrous.

Her distress was too genuine to admit of doubt, but as I led her down the long room I wondered much what next she would do in the way of outraging the proprieties of life. Giving her a seat in an unoccupied corner and some simple work to do, I left her in the care of a quiet German girl, and as I went back to my desk I saw Billy glowering at her in boyish pity, with his chin upon the landing and his body on the stairs, and I knew there would be two at least to watch over her.

In the next six weeks the city markets were bright with fruits and flowers, and the city parks sweet with clover; but while everything else had changed, Anah Russland in the self-same dress sat working assiduously in her corner. Along with our legitimate labors, Billy and I still had her upon our hands, and he declared that it was "as good as travelling with a circus," and it was. A girl without the slightest groundwork of elementary knowledge upon which to base the lessons it was necessary to give her was something of a charge, and from one day to another there was no telling what might not, through her midnight of ignorance, befall Anah. When the hard black bread which formed her only lunch palled upon her taste, she took to eating green cucumbers, unsalted and unpeeled, and placidly washed them down with draughts of water. Billy, who in his youth had gone through a course of green apples and escaped with his life, undertook to impress upon her a terror of what he called "getting tied into knots with cholera an' morbus," but merely with the effect of having her, with the greatest docility, exchange cucumbers for lemons, unripe tomatoes, and penny cantaloupes. She was pliable as wax, facile as water, in all respects but one, and in that one she was as flint or fate. No persuasion could induce her to part with a penny of her wages, and her penuriousness was her most remarkable trait. Carelessly setting it down to the account of her Semitic origin, I cited her before my tribunal, and told her that she must buy a decent dress, if not for her own sake, then for the sake of her neighbors in the work-room. She listened, and would, as I thought, have made some explanation or remonstrance, but as neither her English nor her German was equal to the occasion, she went silently back to her seat, and though tears fell upon her flying fingers for the rest of that day, the morrow saw her in the same attire. Billy, faithful to her in season and out of season, excused all her shortcomings, with his "*She* don't know no better," or "What can you expect?" followed by startling instances of the density of her mental darkness. Still he guarded her too closely for her to go fatally astray, so far as personal safety was concerned, and by dint of walking home with her at night and lying in wait for her of a morning, he made his own opportunities of serving her. Under his guidance she learned the way to the free baths, the ice-water fountains, and the flower shows, delighted with anything and everything that did not cost money; but from the simplest pleasures, however cheap the price, she would turn away stiff as a stone, deaf as a post. She mastered with amazing celerity the details of her work, and she was shrewd enough to keep her skin clean when she found that it cost money, in the shape of fines, to be dirty; otherwise she was simply a savage with a beautiful face.

"What gets me off," said Billy one day when she was under discussion, "is how she ever lived over there on the other side. You can tell more about her from her questions than from her answers, because," he continued, naïvely, "there's one bad thing about Anah, and that is, if you ask her anything in English she *will* answer you in Rooshan, and then you're done. She wanted to know the other night who drew water from the well for my mother, and if the floor of my bedroom was stone, with leaves and stuff strewed all over it, and if I slept out in the yard when it was hot. She don't know nuthin', she don't, an' if you tell her anything, you've got to build her up from the ground-floor."

"There are thousands like her, Billy," said I; "but we must do what we can."

"Gosh!" exclaimed he, with the roundest of eyes, "*why don't somebody tell Congress? We* can't take 'em all!"

About an hour after this conversation he came in from one of his tramps in the delivery of goods twirling a rose between his teeth. In days before, the flotsam and jetsam of his gathering had generally been bestowed upon myself, but lately much of it fell to Anah. Eyes that were hungry with longing for the lovely spray followed him from right and left—there was not a girl in the factory who was not "wild about flowers"; but he flung it down upon Anah's machine with a grunt, as if glad to be rid of it, and went about his business. The illumination of her dark eyes might have gratified him if he had looked back, but he did not. Nothing, except perhaps the gold of which she seemed so greedy, could have brought that sudden flash of joy to her face but pure delight in her acquisition. I watched her furtively petting and caressing it with tender touches, and was considerably surprised when a little later Billy, who, like the bad penny of the proverb, was sure to turn up, came to me and said, disgustedly, "*She* don't care for flowers; I thought she would."

"How do you know she doesn't?" I asked.

"She don't stick 'em in water," he replied, sententiously, and went off in a huff as well as a hurry. I left my desk and walked down the room between the long rows of machines until I came to Anah. The poor flower lay wilted before her on a scrap of muslin, and when she looked up at me there were tears in her eyes.

"It lives not one hour in this fire," she said; "I would it could live ever, ever!" I said nothing, but taking it up I placed it in a glass with a little water, knowing that it would revive, and went back to my place. In a few minutes she came running, contrary to rule and regardless of fines, to tell me, with sparkling eyes, of the miracle I had wrought.

"Come and see," she cried, excitedly, taking me by the sleeve; "it lives again!" and if any one has a doubt that her astonishment was genuine I will add that she paid the price of that breach of discipline without a murmur.

Thinking that Billy probably might be able to throw some light on the motive of her extreme parsimony, I asked him if he had noticed how impossible it was to make her spend any money, even for a decent dress.

"'Tain't her fault," said he, gruffly; "it's because of the Wily One."

"And who is the Wily One?" I asked, with much interest.

"Blessed if I know," he asserted; "but she's got a nose like a hook and an eye like a gimlet, and she's the worst-lookin' old bird in the rookery where Anah lives. There's crowds of 'em all livin' in one house, but the Wily One *she's* always on hand, rain or shine, an' she pounces down on Anah like a wild-cat."

"Maybe it is her mother," I suggested.

"Mother's in Roosha," said he, shortly; "an' so's her five brothers an' her five sisters. She told me that much in English. She come over all alone, but what brought her here *I* don't know, nor nobody else except that old witch in the black wig and gold ear-rings. *She* knows, betcher life!"

The Wily One, it was evident, had made an unfavorable impression upon Billy, but I had no time just then to give to further investigation. Surge upon surge of good hard work rolled over us both from dawn until dark, and buffeting with the breakers of trade kept us busy every waking hour. For the present I allowed the matter to rest, and meant, at the earliest opportunity, to find out the truth. Another month passed by, and Anah's fair face grew a trifle less round, a shade or two paler, and the childishly curved lips less ready to smile. She was failing faster in the confinement and the stifling air than I thought she would, but she clung to her work—and to her wages—like a barnacle to a ship's bottom, and made no complaint. Then, one sunny morning, she came to me to ask, for the first time, a day off. Greatly hurried, I inquired when and why, as usual.

As to the when, it must be to-morrow, and as to the why, she thought not she could stand it to fast the long day and the work also to do. In the evening she must marry. Would I come to the wedding?

The notice was short and rather stunning, but the business being imperative, I granted her request, and accepted her invitation to be present, conditionally. She had spoken without a blush or a tremor, but as I glanced at her face during the day I saw how its mournful beauty had deepened, how no smile lighted the downcast eyes and no color glowed in the pale cheek as her head drooped over her work. Remembering the Wily One, I grew uneasy, and sent for the girl to come to me.

"Anah," said I, with my hand upon hers, "do you *want* to marry?"

With an innocent lifting of the black brows that always beguiled me into a belief in her, she answered, "Girls *must* marry; for that I am."

"Do you know the man well?"

"Two months know I that man."

"And do you love him?"

She started nervously, looked earnestly into my face, and if eyes could speak, hers were eloquent, but of what? Alas! I did not know. The language in which she seemed about to pour out her heart was a sealed book to me. Pressing my hand tight to her breast for an instant she sighed, and as confidences under the circumstances were impossible, she returned to her work without another word; but I made up my mind then and there to be at the wedding, and to take Billy with me, to see fair play.

On the morrow Anah's place was vacant. According to the law, she was undergoing the fast necessary to bring her into a proper condition of mind and body for the ordeal of marriage. Painful misgivings in regard to her cropped up so often during the slow hours of the working day that it was with a positive sense of relief I signalled to Billy when the minute of release had come, and under his guidance made haste through the narrow streets to the scene of the wedding. The air of the soft spring night should have borne healing on its wings, but in the part of the city where Anah lived it was laden with pestilence, grit, foul odors. The whole neighborhood was astir, and long before we reached the house we heard the twanging of harps and the squeak of the violins.

"Now, Billy," said I, unable to rid myself of a vague notion that we might be called upon to rescue the girl from her fate, "the quacking of a goose saved Rome—"

"Don't you be afraid," he interrupted, eagerly, "but what I kin quack loud enough if there's anything to quack about;" and following the stream of people, we came square up to the door of a dingy saloon.

"Surely it can't be here," I said, doubtfully, consulting the address.

"It's all right," answered Billy, who knew every turn in Rag Fair; "it's in the hall upstairs; but we've got to go through the bar-room; there ain't no other door."

"Needs must when the devil drives," I muttered, and in we went, through clouds of smoke and fumes of beer, and up the winding stair. Not a dark face looked at us but knew that we were strangers; not one of the motley guests passed us unaware of our alien presence. By some impalpable sign the whole company became cognizant of the Gentile intruders; but beyond the black eyes that watched us from beneath their heavy brows we met with no molestation, and were treated with the courtesy of indifference. The hall was a good-sized room, rudely decorated for the occasion with faded bunting, and every available foot of space held an occupant. When we entered, the older men seemed to be holding solemn conclave over the signing of papers, but the younger folks were dancing in the maddest confusion. As the whirl parted we caught sight of Anah, decked as a lamb for the slaughter, and spinning in a waltz with the merriest of them. When the dancers drew nearer to us in their round, she saw us, stopped short, stretched out her hands like one drowning, and uttered a cry that had in it the wail of despair. I took one step forward, saw the tears flashing upon her cheeks, almost touched her, when the dancers again closed around her, and she was gone. Between us glided the withered yellow countenance, the wig, the gold ear-rings, and the hooked nose of the Wily One.

"Anah wants me—she is crying!" I exclaimed, excitedly. "Let me go!" shaking her claw from my arm.

"Yes, my dear," said the hag, with a coolness so consummate that it took my breath—"yes, she weeps that there are not more friends to honor her wedding."

"But I want to speak to her myself."

"So you shall," she answered, persuasively—"so you shall. I will bring her to you when the dance is done;" and she disappeared as suddenly as she came.

She was as good as her word. Though the din and discord of the music never ceased, she presently returned, leading Anah by the hand, with a body-guard of revellers to the right, to the left, and in the rear.

"By jiminy!" whispered Billy, "I wouldn't know her."

Her face was like marble; black circles were beneath the eyes, whose lids seemed too heavy to lift. She trembled with weakness, but her lips were pressed together, and she was voiceless and tearless as a stone.

"Speak to your friends, my dear; bid them welcome to your *Hochzeit*," croaked the old woman; "do not be shy."

Like one dazed, the girl murmured a few indistinct words, and a faint smile hovered round her lips.

"Anah," said Billy, stepping forward with a very red face, "do you *want* to be married? 'Cause if you don't, just say so, and I'll call in—"

But before he could finish there arose from the throng such a Babel of voices, such a chattering, gesticulating, and shrill shrieking in an unknown tongue, as I do not expect to hear again this side of the day of judgment. Never loosening her clutch, the Wily One led the chorus, the whole of which was directed to Anah. Starting as from the terror of an ill dream, she straightened herself up, drew a long breath, and looked about her; then turning, and gently rejecting the hand that Billy had extended, she kissed her finger-tips to us in farewell, and was carried off to the other end of the room, where, under a canopy, the bridegroom, encirled by patriarchs, awaited her coming. That he was tall, young, and not unpleasant-faced was but a grain of comfort. Even while we stood, somewhat crestfallen, considering what service, if any, we might render her, the Hebrew ritual was chanted, the wine drank, the glass crushed, and the lighted candles in a cross-eyed maze flew bewilderingly about her, borne in the hands of the company. For us Anah Russland had ceased to exist.

What her surname now is I do not know, but in the same corner, in the same dress, at the same work, sits Anah, assiduously bending over her machine. The veil, the chain, the rings, the flower wreath—all the property of the Wily One—are safely locked up until another occasion calls them forth. The bride still saves every penny of her wages; but Billy was right: all that she earns belongs to the old woman with the gimlet eyes, and she exacts payment to the utmost farthing. Passage-money, bonus, interest, board, keep Anah's nose close to the grindstone, and I see her growing paler day by day. As for the bridegroom, having paid a round sum for the girl he never saw until the day she landed, he too is struggling to liquidate his indebtedness in the same quarter, and the cost of the hall, the harps, the lights, and the rest of the wedding paraphernalia he is scraping together in a morocco factory in a distant town. And is this the blank and bald conclusion of my story? By no means. By the last mail over the sea there went a photograph—I saw it myself—of a bride in a veil and a crown of flowers clasping the hand of her betrothed. It makes a handsome picture, and—the more's the pity!—there is no hint in it that the finery is all borrowed, nor that the couple are, under the Wily One's subtle management, a mere advertisement that will set the girls and boys of the Russian village wild with a fever to cross the ocean. How Branna, Reifga, Ilka, Genesca, and Chia will twitter over their sister's good fortune! When they do come—and the very next steamer may bring them—and find their way to the work-room door, what are Billy and I to do with them?

Will somebody rise to explain?

WARNER MILLER.

The Republican candidate for Governor of New York was born just fifty years ago. His father lived then on a farm in Oswego County. The family had come, however, from White Plains, in Westchester County, where his great-grandfather, a colonel in the Revolutionary army, once entertained General **Washington** at his house, and where his uncle, **Abraham Miller**, had almost come up to General **Husted**'s present record by representing his district in the Assembly for fourteen years. The farmer's boy had in his blood something of both the warrior and the politician. He attended the district school and academy, and by the time he was eighteen years of age he was ready for college. His father, however, was not a wealthy man, and if it had not been for the boy's own pluck and persistence he would never have had a collegiate education. He went to Schenectady, entered Union College, and was graduated in 1860, contributing toward his maintenance while in college by teaching school. Almost immediately upon graduation he was offered the place of Professor of Greek and Latin in the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, and gladly accepted it. Before a year was past, however, his academic career was cut short by the breaking out of the war. The martial spirit was stirred within him, and leaving Fort Edward, he went to Northville, Fulton County, where his parents were then living, and set about raising a company. His efforts were not altogether successful, for the number of the company was not filled up. He and those whom he had induced to enlist therefore joined the Fifth New York Cavalry as private soldiers, and went with it to join General **Banks** in the Shenandoah Valley. There Private **Miller** was promoted to a Lieutenancy for meritorious services, but he never attained a higher rank. At one of the battles near Winchester he was taken prisoner by "Stonewall" **Jackson**, and soon after, upon **Jackson**'s hurried retreat before **Fremont**, he was paroled. No opportunity for exchange being offered, he and his companions in parole were ordered to their homes, and Mr. **Miller** went to Fort Edward, where he accepted a position in a paper-mill, and soon became its superintendent.

While at Fort Edward Mr. **Miller** studied paper-making thoroughly, and when at last he was sent to Belgium to introduce in a mill there an American method of manufacture he was an expert. On his return, having invented a process of paper manufacture out of wood pulp, he organized a company, and began trying to sell his machines for making paper out of wood. It was a hard struggle: the paper-makers were conservative, and did not readily take his machines, and the young inventor had all he could do to pull through. Finally, however, his perseverance triumphed, his method was generally adopted, and he became financially independent. When he began making paper its price was fifteen cents a pound. By the use of his machines the price, for the quality used in newspapers, has been reduced to four and a half cents.

Mr. **Miller** began his political career in 1867, when he was made chairman of the County Committee. In 1873 and 1874 he was chosen to represent his district in the Assembly. In 1877 he increased his reputation as a political manager by successfully engineering Mr. **George B. Sloan**'s campaign for the Speakership of the Assembly. In 1878 he received the nomination of his Congressional district, consisting of Lewis, Herkimer, and Jefferson counties, for its Representative, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1880. In 1881 came the "Stalwart–Half-Breed" fight in the New York Legislature which ensued upon the resignation of Senators **Conkling** and **Platt**. After a stubborn contest **Warner Miller** was chosen as Mr. **Platt**'s successor.

As a Senator of the United States Mr. **Miller**'s career was of the useful rather than the ornamental kind. He was the principal champion of the anti-oleomargarine bill, and it was mainly due to his unremitting efforts that that bill became a law. He introduced the bill levying a head-money tax upon immigrants, and that which forbids the landing upon our shores of paupers or criminals. He brought in a bill authorizing the appropriation of $750,000 as a subsidy for a line of steamers to South America, which did not become a law. He supported the Republican protective tariff policy, and in 1883 secured a duty of five cents a ton on iron ore, and a heavy duty upon imported cigars.

The history of his struggle for re-election is too recent to need recapitulation. One of his competitors is now Senator, and the other is the Republican candidate for Vice-President. His own nomination to the Governorship has been a foregone conclusion ever since the triangular Senatorial contest was ended.

Of Mr. **Miller**'s private life there is no occasion to speak further than to say that he is married and has four children, aged respectively twenty, eighteen, sixteen, and thirteen, and that he is an influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER.

Colonel Cruger, the Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor, is of Dutch descent. His grandfather, **Stephen Van Rensselaer**, was the last of the great patroons, and was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of the State. His great-grandfather, **John Cruger**, was the first Mayor of New York city, and his grandfather **Cruger**, also named **John**, was President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Stephen Van Rensselaer Cruger was born in this city on the 9th of May, 1844. His boyhood was passed mainly at Cruger's Island, his father's home, near Albany. He was educated partly, however, in Europe, where he was at the outbreak of the war. In 1862, although he was only eighteen years old, he returned home, and at once enlisted in the 150th Regiment New York Volunteers. He was appointed First Lieutenant of Company F, and went with his comrades to the front. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, and commanded his company during the engagement. In August, 1863, he was made Adjutant, and his regiment was assigned to the Twentieth Army Corps, then with **Sherman**. In the spring of 1864 Adjutant **Cruger** took part in the early battles of the Atlanta campaign, and at Resaca he was so badly wounded that it was supposed he would be permanently disabled. In a few months, however, he was so far recovered that he applied for a reinstatement. His request was granted, and in September he rejoined the army in time to take part in the March to the Sea. On the march from Savannah northward he took part in several severe engagements, in one of which, at Averysborough, he had a horse shot under him. Before the surrender of **Johnston** he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and served until June, 1865, as Chief of Ordnance of the First Division of his corps. Upon the close of the war he was made brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallant and meritorious conduct" during the campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas.

In 1867 Colonel **Cruger** went into business as a real estate agent. He is the manager of several large estates, and succeeded General **Dix** as Comptroller of the Trinity Church corporation. He is a director in several large financial institutions, and a trustee of the Astor Library.

Colonel **Cruger**'s business pursuits have not chilled his ardor for things military, and he has done much to promote the interests of the city militia. He has been successively Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and only recently resigned the last-named position.

In politics Colonel **Cruger** has not been especially prominent. He would never consent to take office, but has served as chairman of the Republican County Committee during the past year.

A LITTLE.

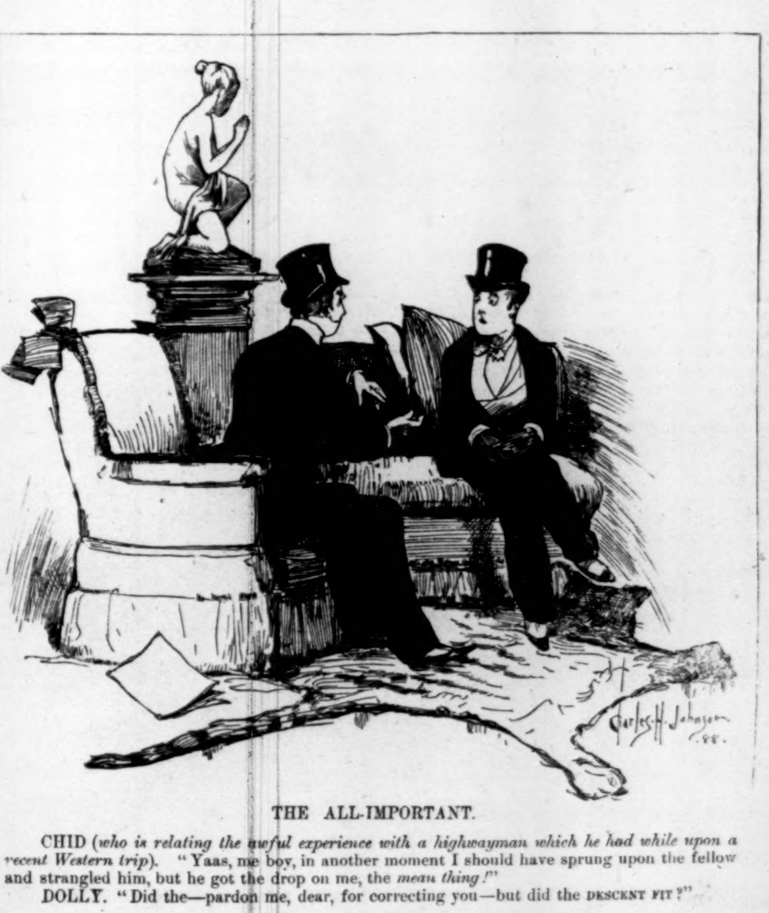
So little made me glad, for I was young:
  Flowers, a sunset, books, a friend or two,
  Gray skies with scanty sunshine piercing through—
How little made me glad when I was young!

So little makes me happy, now I'm old:
  Your hand in mine, dear heart, here by the fire;
  The children grown unto our heart's desire—
How little keeps us happy when we're old!

And yet, between the little then and now,
  What worlds of life, of thought and feeling keen!
  What spiritual depths and heights unseen!—
Ah me! between the little then and now.

For little things seem mighty when we're young;
  Then we rush onward through the changing years,
  Testing the gamut of all smiles and tears,
Till mighty things seem little: we are old.

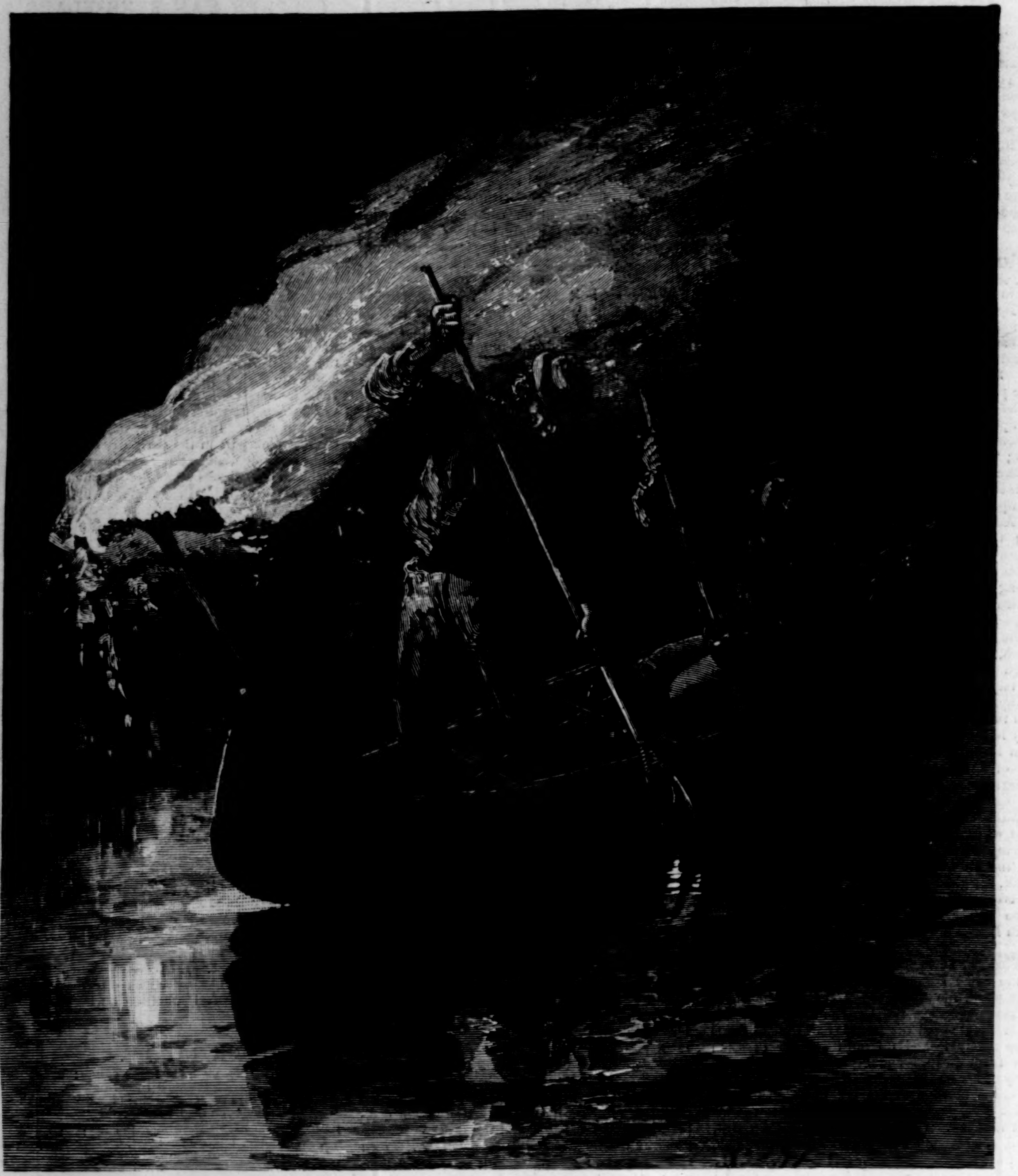
Alice Wellington Rollins.



THE ALL-IMPORTANT.

CHID (*who is relating the awful experience with a highwayman which he had while upon a recent Western trip*). "Yaas, me boy, in another moment I should have sprung upon the fellow and strangled him, but he got the drop on me, the *mean thing!*"

DOLLY. "Did the—pardon me, dear, for correcting you—but did the DESCENT FIT?"



SALMON POACHERS ON THE TOBIQUE RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

SALMON POACHERS.

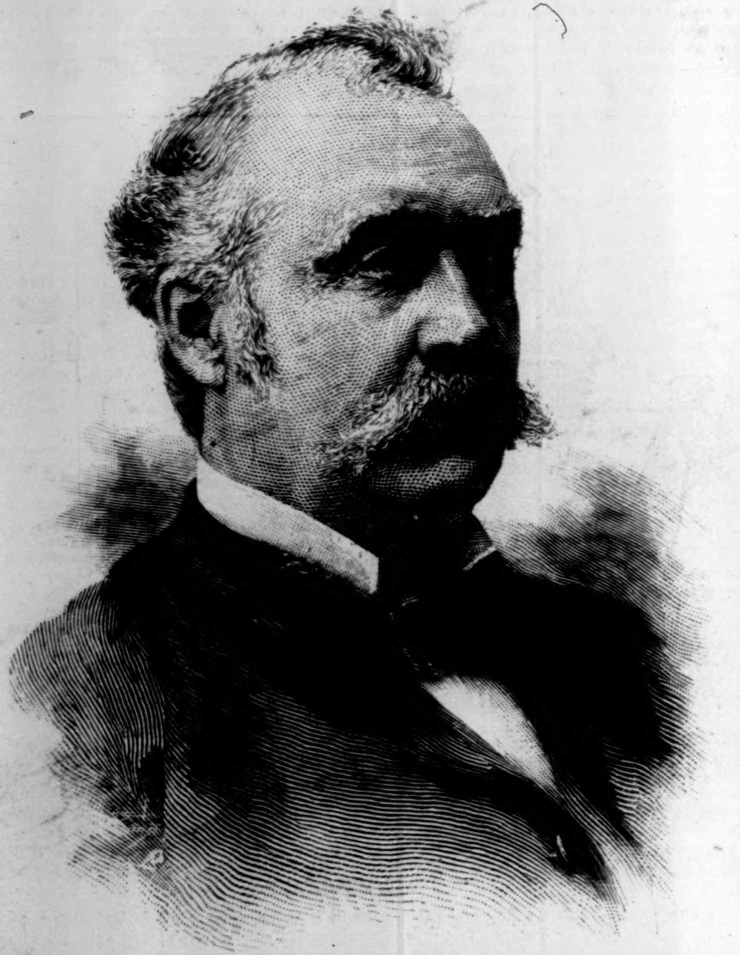
ENGLISH poetry and prose have made us all more or less familiar with the poacher in his variously criminal and picturesque aspects, but for the native-born American he exists only in imagination. As a general thing, within the boundaries of the United States any one may kill wild game wherever found, and it is only a few years since some small degree of respect has been enforced for game-laws, and for the boundaries of private preserves. In the Dominion of Canada the laws have been more strictly enforced; but even there such is the extent of forest and such the number of lakes and streams that the poacher can generally evade the keepers if he exercises a reasonable degree of prudence. He may even spear salmon at night if he keeps his torch well beyond a bend in the river. He is an outlaw, however, if he takes salmon in this illegal and unsportsmanlike fashion.

The story of the recent attack upon a party of Americans while descending the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, reads like some of the adventures of the early explorers. Three canoes, returning from salmon fishing, are fired upon from the thickly wooded shore, and a lady in the foremost canoe is shot through the head and instantly killed. The firing continues until it is returned from one of the canoes, when the assassins, apparently not having the nerve to face resistance, cease firing, and the little flotilla, bearing the body of the wife and mother, proceeds on its way, with rifles ready for instant service in case of further need.

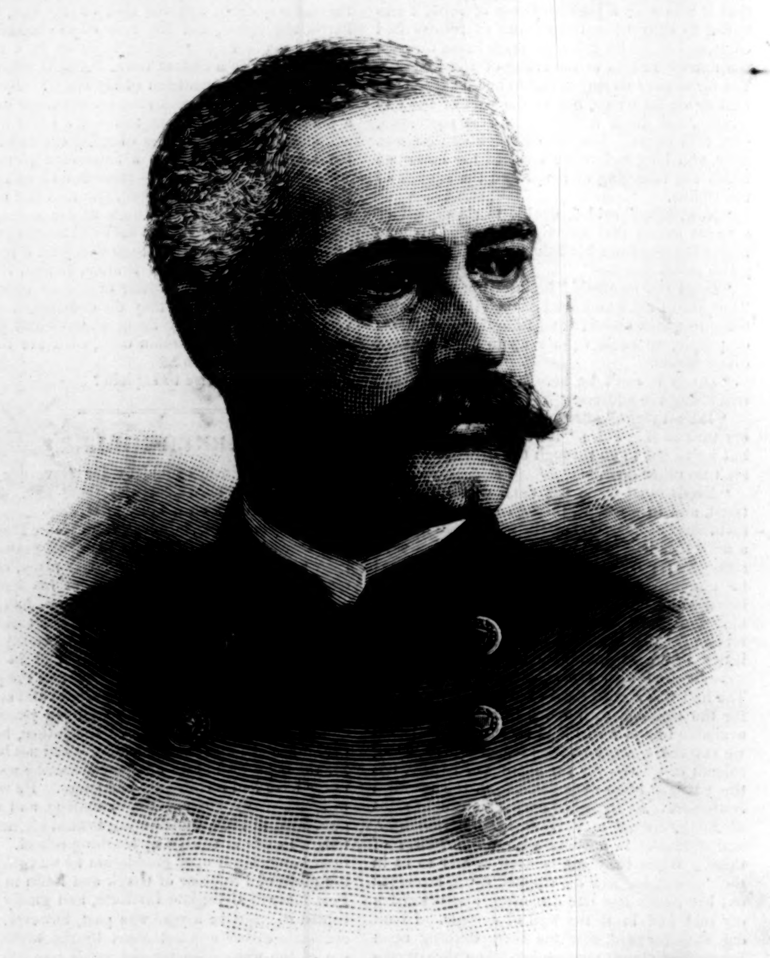
We are accustomed to look upon the hasty use of fire-arms as characteristic of border life in the West and South rather than among our northern neighbors in the Dominion of Canada. But even among our own lawless frontiersmen it would be hard to find a parallel for such a cruel and cowardly ambuscade as this.

There is, however, another side to the story, which should perhaps serve as a warning to persons who seek to acquire exclusive sporting privileges in sparsely settled regions where a large proportion of the inhabitants engage in hunting and fishing as a means of livelihood. Our English cousins have always been especially successful in enforcing laws for the protection of game. The severe penalties affixed to poaching in Great Britain have often borne heavily upon the poorer classes, and are, not unreasonably, obnoxious to a very large proportion of the inhabitants. In the United States the constitutional right of every citizen to bear arms has always carried with it the right to hunt wild game. Across the Dominion line, however, the lines have been more definitely drawn. It has always been possible for actual owners to retain nominally exclusive rights in considerable tracts of land for sporting purposes.

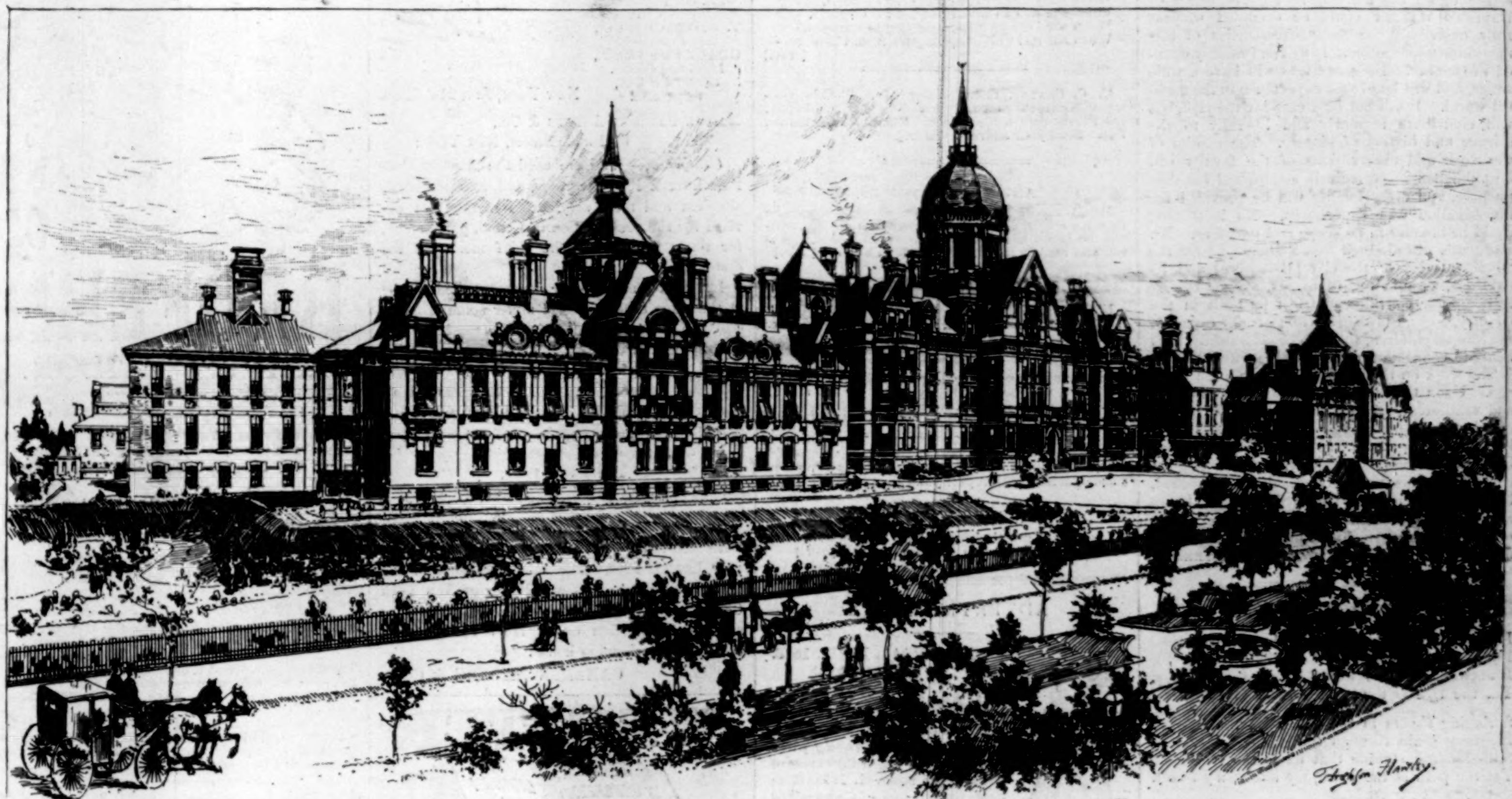
The American fishing party appears to have had an altercation with some of the local fishermen, who denied their exclusive right to the salmon in the Tobique River, and as it seems worked themselves up to the point of resistance by force of arms, for which there can be no justification. The suspected assassins have been arrested, and if they are convicted of having killed MRS. HOWES, they will no doubt be punished to the extent of the law. The lesson to be drawn from this affair is that laws which are perfectly capable of enforcement under certain conditions cannot be suddenly sprung upon a backwoods community.



HON. WARNER MILLER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 675.]



COLONEL S. V. CRUGER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 675.]



THE THREE MAIN BUILDINGS FRONTING ON BROADWAY.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL.

Johns Hopkins died in December, 1873. He left a fortune of upward of eight millions of dollars. This he had accumulated by persistent thrift and judicious investment. He was from one of the oldest Quaker families in Maryland. He began in Baltimore as a clerk. With his uncle's assistance he branched out in business for himself, and entered upon a career of money-making that monopolized all his time and energy. He became the financial authority of the city. He was a somewhat singular character. Close in his dealings, indifferent in his dress, and curt in his manner, he was a man of undoubted breadth of mind and soundness of judgment; and although he is largely remembered in Baltimore for his parsimony, he did much good in a charitable way that the public never knew of. He was an influential factor in the prosperity of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad during John W. Garrett's presidency, and it was his coolness that saved the banks of Baltimore in 1873.

Of his fortune he left about one million dollars to his relatives, and the remainder for the establishment of a university and a hospital to bear his name. To the university, which is doing admirable work, he gave about $3,000,000 and his country-seat; to the hospital, which he intended to be the finest institution of its kind in the world, he gave more, the endowment being worth about $3,400,000, and including fourteen and a half acres of ground on Broadway—a splendid elevation on one of the most beautiful thoroughfares of Baltimore. The President of the Hospital Board of Trustees is Mr. Francis T. King. He was a trusted personal friend of Mr. Hopkins, and he has devoted a large part of fourteen years to the successful carrying out of the purposes of the trust.

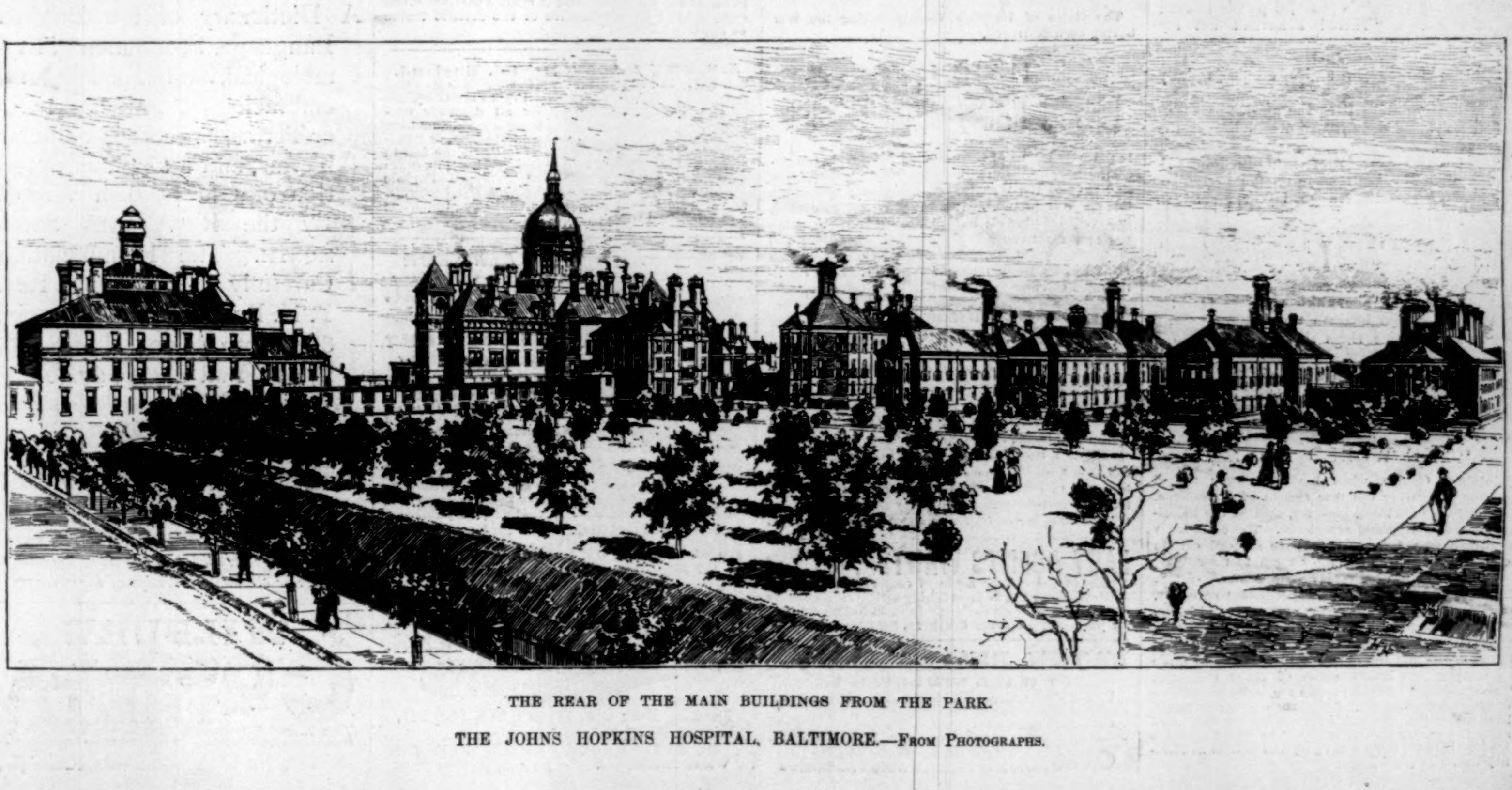
In 1875 the trustees selected Lieutenant-Colonel John S. Billings, U.S.A., Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York, Dr. Caspar Morris, of Philadelphia, Dr. Norman Folsom, of Boston, and Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, as the most competent authorities upon hospital organization in this country, and solicited from them a full expression of their views. The papers of these gentlemen, as published in a handsome octavo volume, are considered the best work on the subject in existence. Dr. Billings, who accepted the invitation to act as medical adviser to the Board, and who still occupies that relation, visited all the noted institutions in Europe for suggestions to be used in the Hopkins Hospital, and there is not a successful feature of hospital construction and arrangement that he has not either introduced or adapted. The utmost care was taken in the architectural designs, and some of the plans went through as many as a dozen revisions.

The result of this unusual thoroughness is seen to-day in the hospital, which is the largest in this country and the finest in the world. It comprises seventeen buildings, covers under roof over four acres of ground, and stands conspicuously in a large square one hundred and fifteen feet above tide-water. The buildings are arranged in the shape of an E. The architecture is Queen Anne, severely plain. The interior finishings are perfect in their good taste and excellence, but are not elaborate. Over twenty million pressed bricks, nearly three thousand tons of iron, thirty thousand barrels of cement, and three million feet of lumber were used in the construction. There are over forty-five miles of pipes in and around the buildings. These figures will give some idea of the size of the institution. An entire day could be spent in the buildings with interest and profit.

The Administration Building stands in the front centre of the group. Its dome rises 315 feet above tide-water. In it will be the executive offices, the reception-rooms, and several lecture halls. The dome is partially utilized for a tank, with a capacity of 60,000 gallons of water for emergencies. Wide and lofty corridors, with an aggregate length of over 2500 feet, connect the buildings. The top of these corridors forms an open terrace walk. Below is another corridor, in which are all the pipes, varying from the 26-inch main to the small electric-wire conduit. These pipes are hung or laid on rollers, so as to provide for all expansion and contraction. No pipes are covered. All are immediately accessible, and are so arranged that one section can be cut off without affecting the general system. It is the largest and most complete arrangement of its kind in the United States. The heating of thirteen buildings is done by hot water, of which one hundred thousand gallons will be required to fill the heating pipes. The furnace and boiler rooms are as large as those of an engine manufactory.

Seven of the buildings contain the various wards. They may be generally described as the perfection of comfort and sanitation. The capacity is 400 patients. This number could be easily increased, but the intention is to make the supply of air about two thousand cubic feet to each patient, which is much larger than in any other hospital. The air is changed every fifteen minutes. Four systems of ventilation are used, and some of the wards are equipped with them all. There are rooms with perforated floors and other arrangements for special diseases. Each ward has a sun parlor looking out upon a beautiful park. The sanitary features of the hospital are the pride of Dr. Billings and the delight of every one who has examined them. Nothing has been omitted to make them the most thorough that science and money could provide. An abundance of light pours in through two thousand windows.

A feature of the hospital that will attract general interest is the nurses' home. It is a four-story building, admirably equipped, and as an institution is entirely unique. It will be a training school for giving the student nurses a thorough education in the art of properly tending the sick and preparing food for invalids. A course of several years under careful medical instruction will be required before certificates will be given. There will be three departments of the work — nursing in the hospital, nursing in families, and district nursing among the poor. Already applications are pouring in from all parts of the country from women of education and experience who wish to take the course. Another interesting building is the amphitheatre, in which the students of the medical school, to be erected on a neighboring square, will gather for lectures and clinics. Near it are the dead-rooms, the pathological laboratory, and the crematory for consuming the dissected fragments of bodies. The bath-house contains all the latest inventions for every kind of bath. There are handsome quarters for histological research and photomicrography. The free dispensary is as large as an ordinary hospital, and the same can be said of the laundry, which is one of the most complete and inter-



THE REAR OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS FROM THE PARK.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE.—From Photographs.

esting of all the buildings. Several pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY could be occupied without fully describing the many excellencies of this magnificent institution. It will be formally opened in October. Its operations will have a wide range, and will be of vast importance to the medical world. It will not only care for the sick, but will contribute regularly and liberally to the science and history of disease. The results of the work and observations of the faculty will be published in periodicals established for that purpose, and every facility will be provided for investigation and experiment. No institution could be broader in its scope and purposes. Mr. HOPKINS's will directed that it should be for the "indigent sick of the city [Baltimore] and its environs, without regard to sex, age, or color." A home for convalescents will be built in the country, and an orphan asylum of 300 capacity, for colored children, will also be established, both being in connection with the same trust.

The work on the hospital was begun ten years ago. Upon the buildings, including the heating and ventilation, $1,569,038 78 has been spent, and the total expenditures upon grounds and buildings have been $2,046,266 47. All this sum has been taken from the income, and the original endowment has not only remained untouched, but has been increased over $200,000. In an age of loosely administered trusts these results of faithful management are probably unequalled, and certainly unsurpassed. LYNN R. MEEKINS.

ONE.

LEAVES scarce stirred in the August noon,
Boughs light swayed by the breath of June,
Branches against a wintry sky—
Yet the tree is the same forever and aye.

Springing shoots in the balmy May,
Ripening grain through the summer day,
Stiff-standing stubble that hurts the feet—
Yet the path is the same, my sweet, my sweet.

A spring which leaps from the green hill-side,
A brook with its sunny, sparkling tide,
A river which broadens to meet the sea—
The stream is the same, where'er it be.

Childhood o'erarched by the soft blue sky,
Youth when white dream-clouds pile up on high,
Manhood with storm-wind's struggle rife—
Are all these, dear, but one human life?

ARCHIBALD THORNE.

PLANTS.

WHEN sweetly sings the tuneful early bird
Atilt upon the ornamental tree,
And sunshine gilds the landscape, winter blurred,
And wooes with gold the wary honey-bee,
And freckles sly leaves on fair maidens' chins,
'Tis then, oh then, the reign of plants begins.

The mellow drip-drop of the watering-pot
Is never absent from suburban ears,
Save when the rain in every garden spot
Is plashing gently its soft silver tears,
And through the green leaves anxious voices come
All day long with the insects' airy hum.

Sweet sleep at dawn is broken by the cry,
"I know my General Grants will never bloom."
"Oh dear! my wax begonias must die,"
Another voice sounds like the knell of doom.
A little later the sweet robin's chants
Are hushed by shrieks—"Striped bugs are on my plants!"

When in the perfumed drowsy afternoon
Soft memories the rosy hours entwine,
They're scattered all to the bewildering tune,
"What *can* folk do to raise a cypress vine?"
And startling twilight's peaceful purple haunts,
A voice comes, "There! I haven't wet my plants!"

When the fair moon scales evening's dewy wall,
And tender lovers pace the garden bowers,
How harshly on their young dream breaks the call,
"Oh! pray be careful of them gillyflowers!"
And waiting for her answer on the breeze,
He bears, "This ain't a good year for sweet-peas."

With dreams at length one wanders far apart,
Where never plants save cool white lotus blows;
But not for long; she wakens with a start;
A stealthy step beneath the window goes,
While a sad voice rings through the shadows murk,
"Plants always were an awful sight o' work!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

"THE WORLD MOVES,"

Maintained Galileo, when his tormentors racked him for advocating the true system of Copernicus. Certain follies hold out, however, against the illumination of discovery and experience. There are hosts of people who, because they have adopted certain principles, continue to swallow them to their dying day in defiance of the laws of common-sense. Mercury, drastric purgatives, super-potent narcotics, and sedatives, though they have given ground before the irresistible progress of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a national, painless remedy for disorders of the liver, the stomach, and the bowels, still continue to make ambulating apothecary shops of many stomachs. The symptoms of liver trouble are easily remediable without any abdominal disturbance with this beneficent alterative. So, also, are constipation, sick headache, heartburn, and an inability to digest satisfactorily. It cures fever and ague, rheumatism and kidney trouble.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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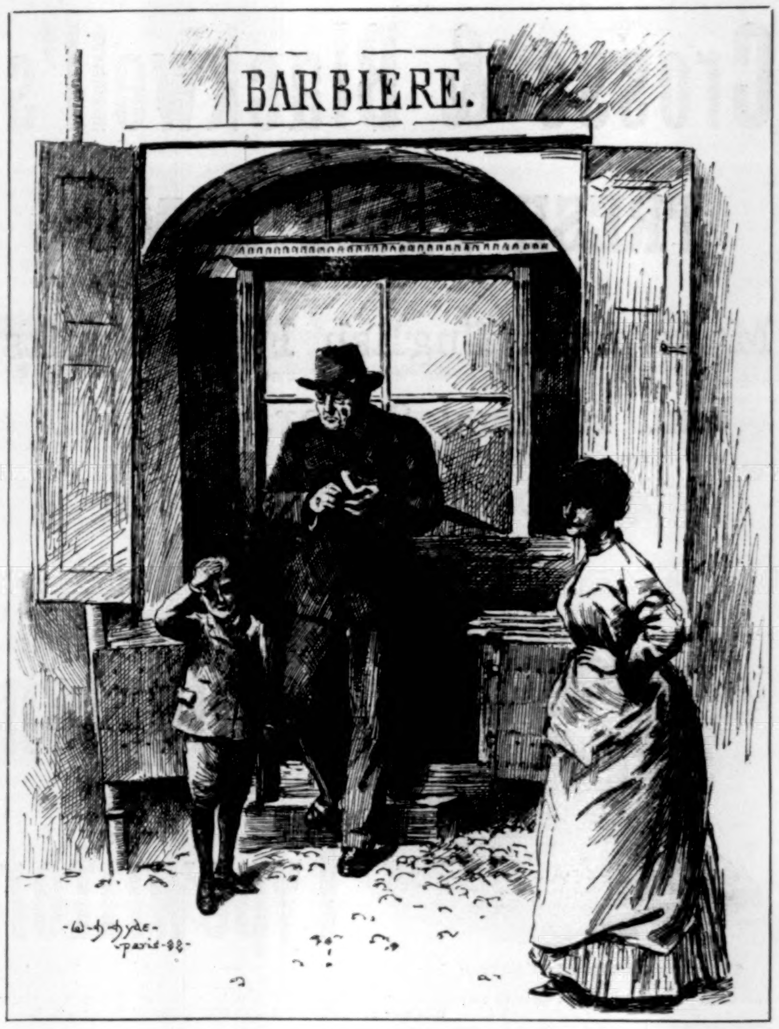
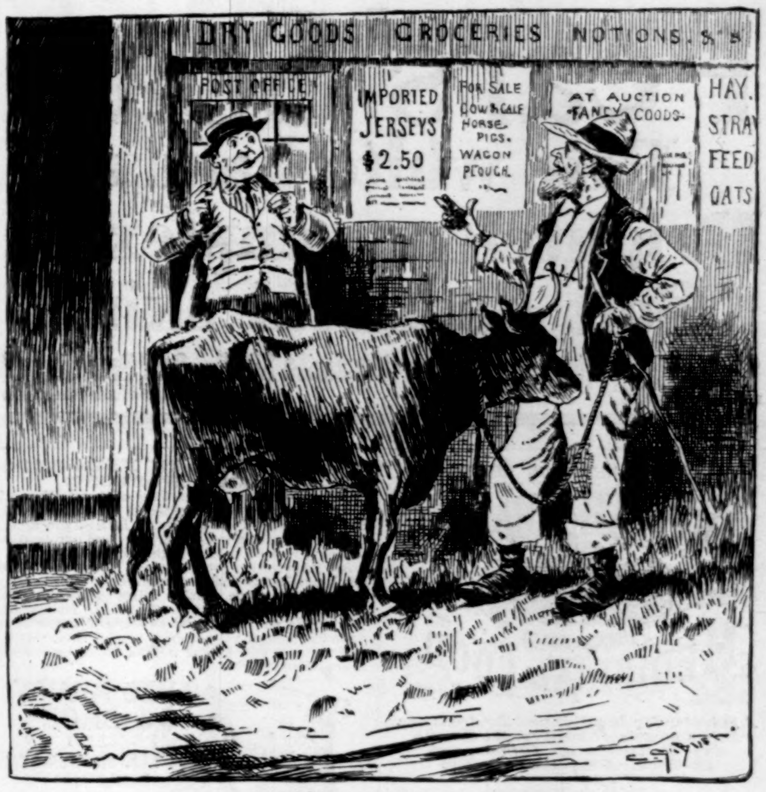


ECONOMY.

Old Gripson (*to his son who has just been "barb-rized" in a little Italian town*). "You had better have your hair cut two or three times during the week we are here. It only costs eight cents."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"Matter? By lightning, here I've jest paid twenty-five dollars fur a native keow, an' you give eout you sell imported Jarsey's fur tew-fifty. Whar's protection fur the American farmer?"

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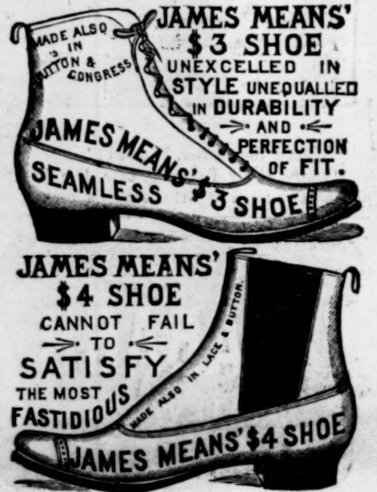
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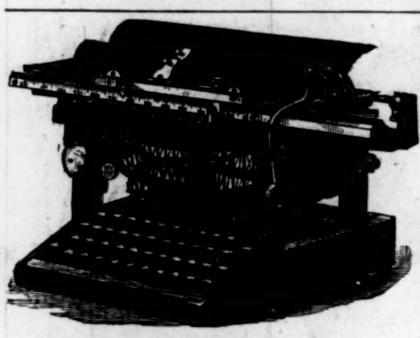

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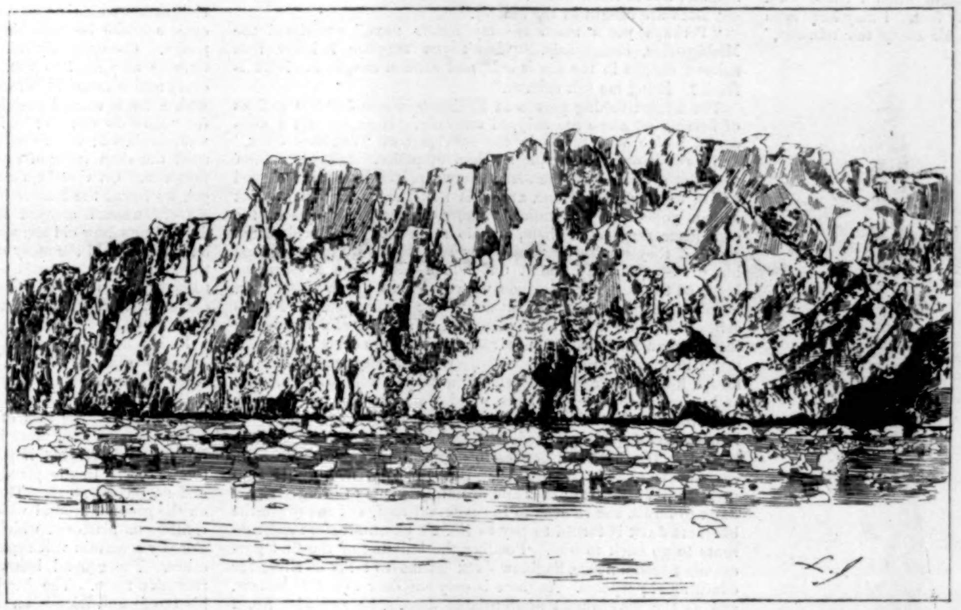
A TRIP TO SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA.

BY KATE FIELD.



MUIR GLACIER.

"TWENTY years ago," says Governor SWINKFORD, of Alaska, "I made political capital out of SEWARD'S purchase. I called it the 'refrigerator of the United States.' I heaped obloquy on WILLIAM H. SEWARD. I shall spend the rest of my life in making reparation to what I have so foully wronged." Nature, be it remembered, revels in contradictions. If Britannia depended upon latitude alone for a living, she would never have ruled the wave or anything else. But Nature ingeniously sends the Gulf Stream to transform an iceberg into an empire that puts a girdle round the earth. Nature had been equally kind to the Pacific Ocean. The Kuro Siwo, or Japanese Black Stream, kisses the shores of Alaska south of Behring Strait, and tempers the wind to shorn humanity. You may look for rain as in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but you need have no fear of freezing, even in the depths of winter. The highest temperature at Sitka, the capital, on Baránoff Island, is 78°. The lowest temperature in 1886 was 4° below zero; in 1887 the mercury did not go below zero. Snow that began in January lasted until the end of March. Mr. McLEAN, the excellent Signal Service officer who has been stationed at Sitka for several years, says that the climate of southeastern Alaska is the most equable he has ever experienced. "Ah, but this is the coast you are describing, not the interior east of the mountains that shut out the influence of the Black Stream." True; but the interior is in the same latitude as Sweden, Norway, and St. Petersburg!

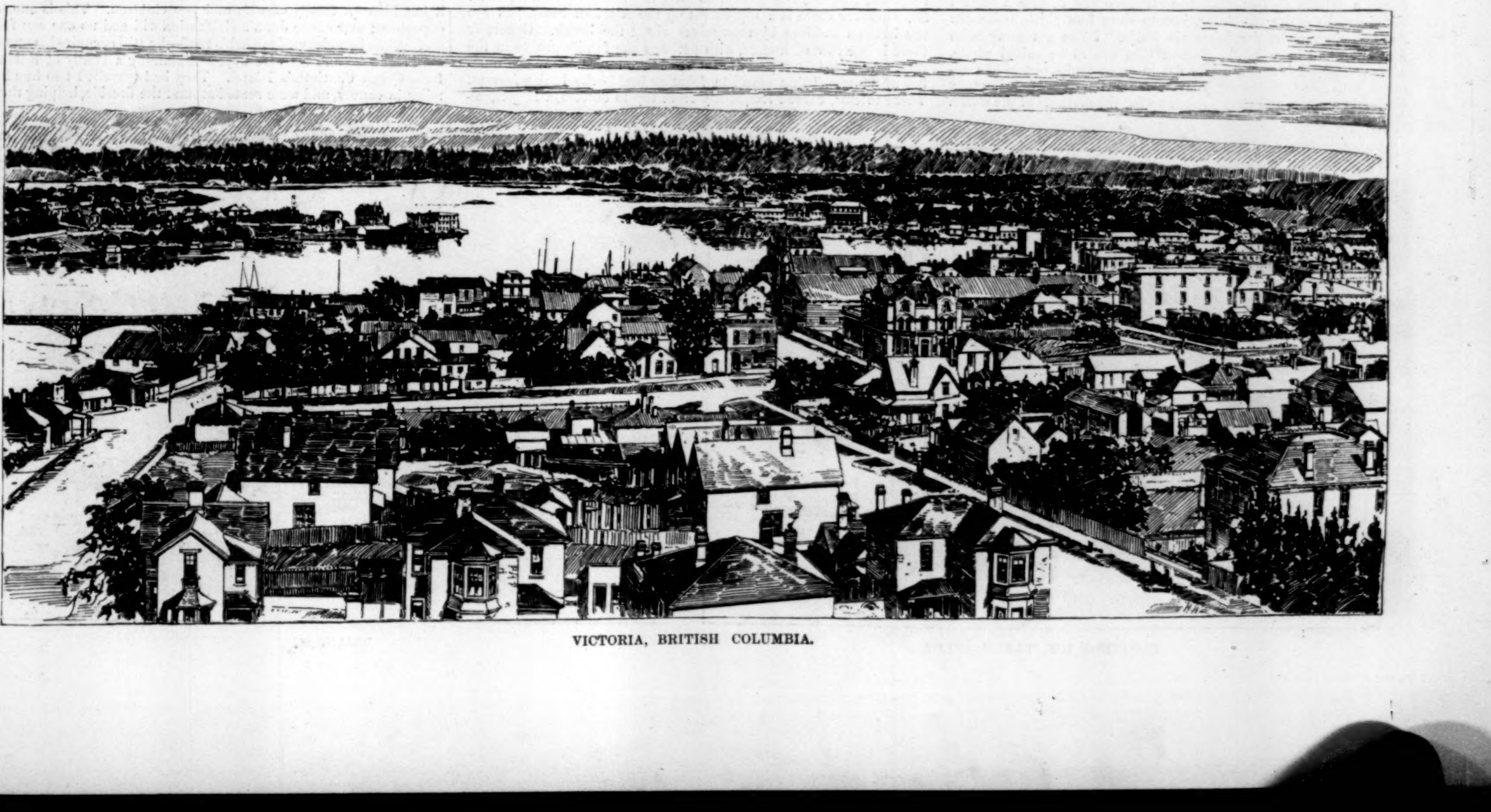
So you see it will not answer to call Alaska uninhabitable except to polar bears. Thirty thousand natives and several thousand whites manage to exist very comfortably. The whites, in fact, are as sensitive about their climate as are Californians, and will assure you that it is the healthiest in the world. If you are sensible you will take the same kind of clothing you use in going to sea on the Atlantic; flannels, shawls, furs, water-proofs, umbrellas, and arctics are indispensable. Thus equipped, not forgetting a comfortable steamer-chair, we start out. What do we see first, last, and all the time? Wonderful and unique scenery. On the Atlantic coast we boast of Mount Desert, because it is an island adjoining the main-land, rejoices in a mountain that slopes down to the sea, on which mountain there is a lake. From British Columbia to Behring Strait this wonderful inland sea of the Pacific Ocean is one prolonged and aggravated Mount Desert, with Alpine snows in addition. Descriptions of scenery never yet satisfied the knowing, or gave the faintest idea of reality to those unacquainted with it. Therefore my outline of still life in Alaska will be as brief as the soul of wit. Alaskan scenery on the steamer route is one tune with endless variations. Imagine a thousand miles among thousands of islands, ranging in size from an acre to a State. Whether the eye falls upon islands or continent, whether it looks to the right or left, there rise grim mountains precipitately from the sea, as though Chaos, when at boiling-point, had suddenly cooled, leaving the earth ruffled in billows hundreds of feet high. Many of these mountains are snow-capped, others resemble the backs of uncouth mastodons.

Get out your atlas, put your finger on Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, where our journey begins, cross to Victoria, follow the Gulf of Georgia, and look at that magnificent island, one hundred and twenty miles long, discovered by VANCOUVER, and belonging to British Columbia. You will travel long and far without beholding finer scenery. On entering "the Narrows," two thousand four hundred feet wide, the Hudson is recalled. To the left, Vancouver Island, with its continuous range of mountains, towers four thousand feet. In and out winds the steamer without visible exit or entrance. The next day is passed in almost fairy-land, which does not belong to the United States, however, for we are floating in British waters. There may be a more beautiful island than the Princess Royal, but I doubt it. You will read in books that land and continent approach so near, as if longing for union, that the trees graze the steamer's side, and passengers may shake hands with them. This is a great stretch of imagination. The narrowest passage is one hundred yards wide. Fancy mountains on both sides, almost perpendicular to the water's edge, covered with trees from top to bottom, the tide cutting off all foliage perfectly even. As we wind along, the mountains seem to close in, leaving egress impossible. Behind us is a wonderful amphitheatre. Before us rise five peaks covered with snow, looking like white-cowled monks. They gaze at the mountain opposite, which comes down to the water like a huge elephant's head with trunk submerged. The trees are as erect as regiments of infantry. Occasionally a few bend toward the water, as though they had been furloughed and gone fishing. Beautiful cascades, taking their rise from lakes on the tops of the mountains, dash madly down to the sea; and cloudlets that seem to have been deserted by the great masses high above the land drift about, nestling in weird nooks, going to sleep for the night. On a desolate island are seen the rude huts of Haidahs. Opposite, as if to mock the insignificance of man, tower peaks with a purple down upon their sides, so soft in tone as to almost make you long to lay your cheek upon it. The sun sets behind dreamy clouds at the steamer's prow; the moon rises above clouds at the stern. These far-off clouds, longing for companionship, envelop the mountains, lie at their very feet, and as you watch this passionate mingling of the elements, sight cannot mark where mountains end and clouds begin.

Soon after leaving Wrangel, the first Alaskan glacier is seen in the distance, looking like a frozen river emerging from the home of the clouds. The sea is glassy, and a procession of small bergs, broken away from the glacier, float silently toward the south. It is Nature's dead march to the sun, to melt in its burning kisses and be transplanted into happy tears. Wild-ducks fly past, and from his eyry a bald-headed eagle surveys the scene, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, apparently conscious that he is the symbol of the republic. There are glaciers and glaciers. In Switzerland a glacier is a vast bed of dirty air-holed ice that has fastened itself, like a cold porous plaster, to the side of an Alp. Distance alone lends enchantment to the view. In Alaska a glacier is a wonderful torrent that seems to have been suddenly frozen when about to plunge into the sea. Down and about mountains wind these snow-clad serpents, extending miles inland, with as many arms sometimes as an octopus. Wonderfully picturesque is the Davidson Glacier, but more extended is the Muir Glacier, which marks the extreme northerly point of pleasure-travel. Imagine a glacier three miles wide and three hundred feet high at its mouth. Think of Niagara Falls frozen stiff, add thirty-six feet to its height, and you have a slight idea of the terminus of Muir Glacier, in front of which your steamer anchors; picture a background of mountains fifteen thousand feet high, all snow-clad, and then imagine a gorgeous sun lighting up the ice crystals with rainbow coloring. The face of the glacier takes on the hue of aqua-marine, the hue of every bit of floating ice, big and little, that surrounds the steamer and makes navigation serious. This dazzling serpent moves at the rate of sixty-four feet a day, tumbling headlong into the sea, and as it falls, the ear is startled by submarine thunder, the echoes of which resound far and near. Down, down, down goes the berg, and woe to the boat in its way when it again rises to the surface.

Our first stopping-place was at the recently established salmon cannery in Tongas Narrows, the owner of which was on board. A tug steamed to us, and a young girl in sore distress brought the news that her uncle, the foreman, had been killed that morning by the falling of an imperfect scaffold. Several Chinamen had been severely injured in the same accident. A more heterogeneous and distressed community I never saw. At one point a number of Chinese were huddled together, one cooking, another guarding the door of the lodge where his maimed countrymen were lying, suffering silently, as is their wont—the rest evidently stunned at the misfortune that had come upon them. The foreman was an admirable man, beloved by all, the directing spirit of the infant settlement. Groups of Tongas and Haidah Indians, men, women, and children, dotted the shore. The women were barefooted and squatted on the ground. A Haidah chief, in decent civilized garb, with an opera-glass slung over his shoulder, and a long staff in his hand, posed with dignity, while bright-eyed dirty little Indians played at his feet. Encountering a good-looking young man, one GEORGE PAUL, whose father was a French Canadian, whose mother was a half-breed, and who had been brought up among Indians by his maternal grandfather, I made friends with him by petting his companion, a fine dog, Rover. "That's my brother's dog," said GEORGE, with tears in his eyes. "He was drowned not long ago. It was very hard to bear, and now the foreman has gone! I have lost a good friend, and know not what to do. We Indians all feel bad when we lose a real friend. There are not many white men who treat us right. Bad whites sell Indians bad liquor, and then they grow bad too. A good Tongas Indian who had been brought up by the missionaries, came here three months ago and wanted to know if he could find employment in a cannery where no liquor was sold. Now he is a foreman. How can Indians here improve when there is no school? Lady, it does me good to talk to you. Please send us teachers and employers with good hearts." Ah, if I only could!

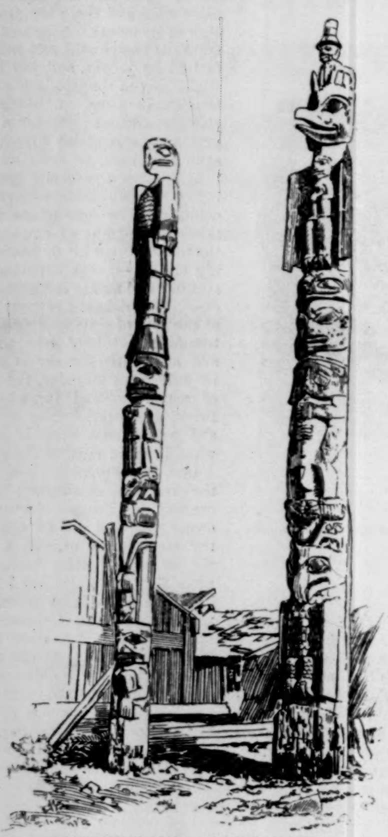
The cargo from our steamer needed to be landed, death or no death, foreman or no foreman; the newly arrived owner ordered all hands to work. And while an aged mother with her grandchildren wept over the mortal remains of a beloved son, Indians, under the direction of the half-breed GEORGE PAUL, and Chinese, commanded by one of themselves, a bright young fellow, began unloading tin out of which the cans are made. A small pandemonium reigned amid the din of wheelbarrows and falling tin; orders were given at once in many lingoes, Chinese, Haidah, Chinook, and English. The spectacle was suggestive. The Indians worked languidly, the Chinese as though their lives depended upon it. The Chinese "boss," aged twenty, in the cleanest of hose and in a new pair of American shoes that displayed the highest instep I ever saw on a man, labored like a Trojan and



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

made me understand why we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor. My last vision was of an Indian woman paddling at our stern in a Chinook canoe, which is very like a gondola in shape. She was utterly regardless of rain, though without even a hat; while two small, barefooted children sat in the stern of her canoe protected from the elements by a white sunshade.

I never saw the time in Alaskan waters when I could walk over the backs of salmon and not wet my feet. I may have seen "one thousand dollars jumping in the air every ten minutes," but I did see myriads of salmon dashing up the mouths of streams, and I visited canneries where fabulous stories were told that nobody believed. One morning a seine drew in five thousand fish, and a few hours later five hundred more were caught. The process of preparing salmon for the market is not appetizing. The ancient and fish-like smell of the open building does not remind one of Araby the Blest, and the native women, arrayed in bare feet and odoriferous calico, standing in more or less slimy salt-water, mingled with souvenirs of departed salmon, do not assist an impaired digestion.


TOTEM POLES AT WRANGEL.

Salmon goes through many hands before it is sealed up in small tin cans and sent round the world. First, it is caught; next, it is dumped on the floor; then an Indian woman cuts off its head, which is thrown back into the water, over which the cannery is built; and there swarm the beautiful trout, ready to pounce upon and devour the brains of their master. Nature seems devoid of sentiment.

> "Big fleas have little fleas to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas *ad infinitum*."

The dead lion is eaten by the live jackal; the dead salmon is eaten by the wriggling trout; the dead hero is cut up by the unknown medical student, and devoured by worms. The process is economical, but not edifying. A truce to moralizing! Back to our cannery! One solitary man looms above the regiment of native women at work. He is white, and is called Grant the Liar, because he can tell more fish-stories in less time than any one in Alaska. Grant takes the decapitated salmon, slits it open, cuts down a black substance, and passes the fish on to his left-hand neighbor, who removes the black substance, and then turns the fish over to women, who do the washing. Grant the Liar seizes a salmon deftly; with one stroke opens it, with a second takes out the entire backbone, just to show how skilfully he can do it, saying, as he flourishes his knife, "I can get away with four thousand in a day." Salmon that are to be salted whole, after proper washings, are laid flat in great tanks, one above another, with salt between every layer. After ten days of curing they are again washed, and then packed up for the markets of the world.

Knowing what I know of salmon, I am willing that other people should eat them—especially a brilliant specimen of America's public-school system, who, not long since, took passage on an Alaska steamer. Sitting down to breakfast one day, he was asked by the waiter whether he would have fresh or salt salmon. "Salt, of course," replied the Michigander; "I want fish caught in the sea, and not in fresh water!"

"Both are caught in the sea, sir."

"Perhaps you'll teach me my letters next," exclaimed the Michigander, indignantly. "Don't you suppose I know that salmon caught in the sea is salt, and salmon caught in rivers is fresh? Bring me salt salmon."

The largest fishing port is at Killisnoo, where 300,000 gallons of herring oil alone are shipped annually. Here we met a wonderful native who revels in the sobriquet of "Saginaw Jack," and lords it over his people as chief of police. It takes a thief to catch a thief. On the same shrewd principle it takes a good native to catch a bad one, and it is now the custom to appoint Indian policemen for Indian villages. They are proud of the confidence reposed in them, and do their duty as no white men could, if they would. Several years ago Saginaw Jack cremated his wife—after death, be it understood—and from his present home on the beach at Killisnoo, where he lives with a young wife, he can gaze upon the cross that marks the resting-place of No. 1's ashes. Saginaw Jack, chief of police, is a wonderful feature in the Alaskan landscape. This redoubtable hero feels his importance in every fibre of his body. When a steamer arrives he arrays himself in a Knight Templar's hat, an admiral's uniform, and a marine's sword. Thus wonderfully gotten up, Saginaw Jack presents himself before awe-stricken passengers, and allows himself to be photographed, provided he has the picture all to himself. If wife No. 2 desires to divide the honors of the camera, she is quickly suppressed. But No. 2 is not *always* suppressed. When this dusky child of nature wants to bring Saginaw Jack to terms, she returns to the paternal roof, and many are the blankets Jack is forced to pay to No. 2's parents before she consents to go back to him. Pending the building of the first government school-house, Saginaw Jack let most of his dwelling for educational purposes. As there is only one door to native houses, and as the government appropriated Jack's, he and wife No. 2 made their exits and entrances last summer through a window, above which is the following inscription. For comfortable conceit it can hardly be surpassed.

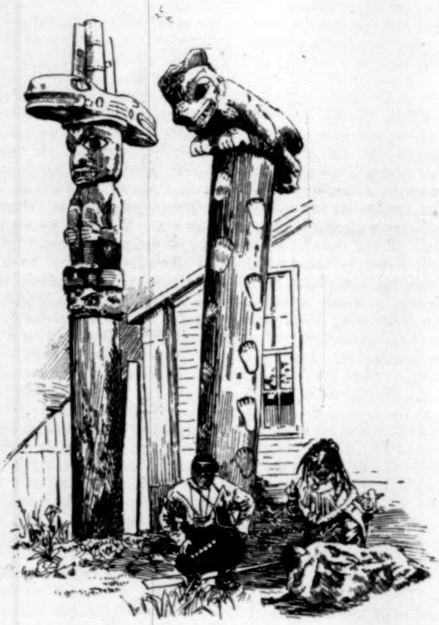
> "By the Governor's commission
> And the company's permission,
> I am made the great tyhee [chief]
> Of this entire illahee [country].
>
> "Prominent in song and story,
> I've attained the top of glory;
> As 'Saginaw' I'm known to fame—
> 'Jack' is but my common name."

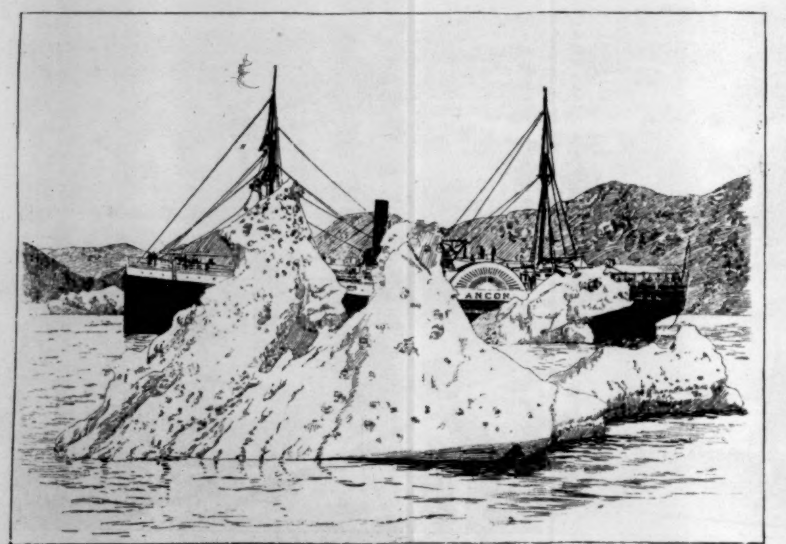
Before visiting Killisnoo we stopped at Wrangel, once a fort, later the head-quarters for miners to the Stickeen River placer diggings, and now an Indian village with a white annex of mission and government schools and traders. The old saying, "The more the merrier," is truer than most of us imagine. There were fifteen whites in Wrangel last summer, six of whom met one day on the wharf, one of them only being willing to speak to all. When an official complained of this unfortunate state of things at Wrangel—the old ex-fort seems to have been well named—another official belonging to Sitka exclaimed, "If you only knew what troubles I have, you would call yourself happy." The few government buildings are more or less dilapidated, though one of them was constructed in San Francisco at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. When the troops were first withdrawn this same building was sold at auction for five hundred dollars, and on the return of the army it was leased to the government for one hundred dollars a month! Later it was seized by the government on the plea that the sale had never been authorized from head-quarters, and the purchaser has never been compensated for the cool appropriation. This is a sample of the way we do business in Alaska. There is no jail in Wrangel. For want of a better place, the present deputy-marshal, a good man, has boarded off one corner of his room and converted that corner into two cells, where the occupants get ventilation but no light. In two years five persons only have been imprisoned: an Indian man and woman for stealing, in the latter case not proven; an Indian man for drunkenness; a white man for similar vice, and another white man for smuggling. The Indian got drunk on Jamaica ginger and native ginger, and in his frenzy very nearly kicked out the side of the deputy-marshal's rickety house. Had not the wretched fellow been put in irons he, like Samson, might have pulled down the whole building.

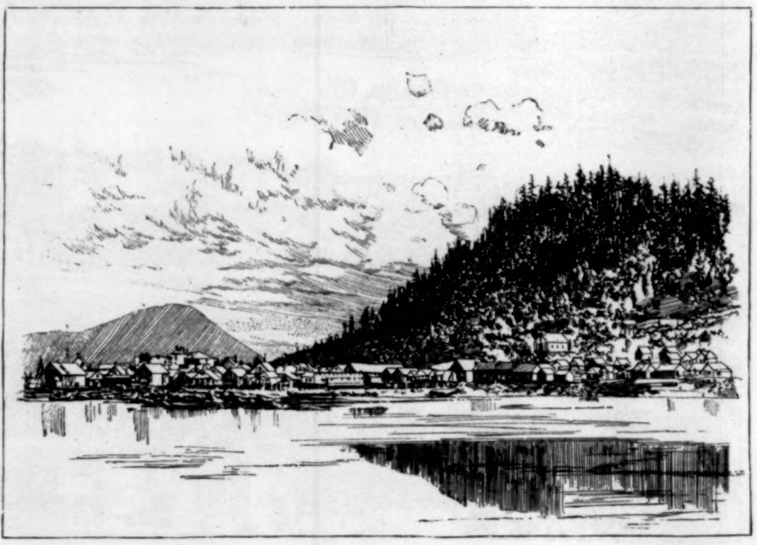
All native villages on the Alaskan coast are built directly on the beach, for two reasons: first, because the Indians look to the sea for a living, and vibrate between canoe and house; secondly, because the forests, saving on the beaches, march to the water's edge. To make homes farther inland means such labor of felling trees and clearing the ground as only the white race undertakes. So, wherever there is a settlement on the Alaskan coast, you see the Indians huddled by themselves along the beach. Generally there is one row of houses, with perhaps the family graves in the rear. Wrangel is especially interesting on account of the number of "totems" that stand in front or beside the Indian houses. These totems, carved frequently from top to bottom, and generally representing bears, whales, eagles, ravens, or wolves, are no more nor less than the genealogical trees of the natives. They tell the family history, and are as greatly prized as distinguished ancestry is prized by Caucasians. Whenever you see a house rich in totems you may conclude that an important family resides within.

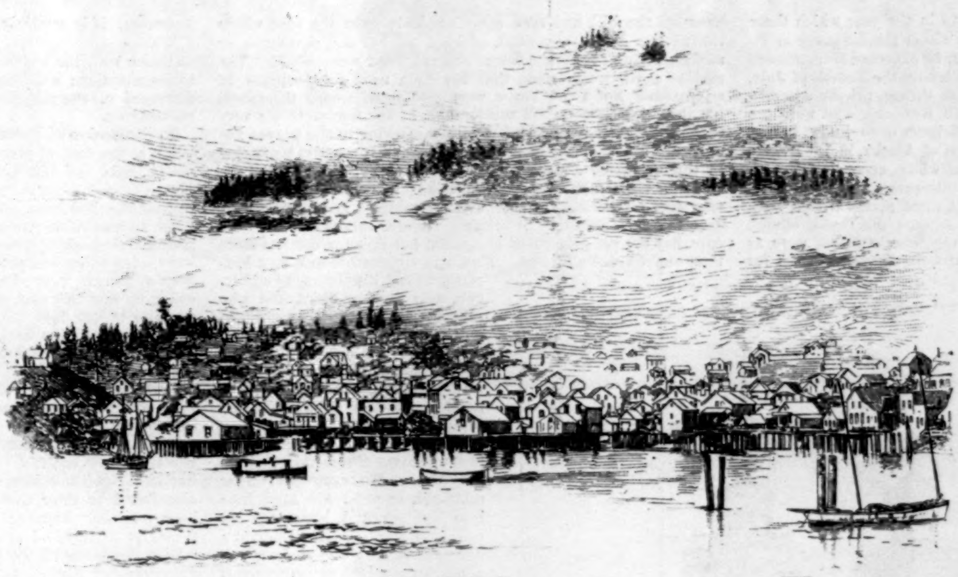
An Indian never knocks at a door. This is a refinement of civilization which he has not yet attained. When he wants to enter a house he walks in without waste of time or preliminary notice. Consequently it is no breach of etiquette to do unto natives as they do unto you. I think I unceremoniously invaded every native house in Wrangel and Sitka, and was always greeted with a smile when I exclaimed, "Clai howya!" which is Chinook for "How do you do?" If the women had anything to sell, it was displayed; otherwise man, woman, child, cat, and dog pursued the even tenor of their way, utterly regardless of a strange presence. On visiting the house of the Stickeen Chief at Wrangel, we found the master in bed, hidden from view by a curtain. An old woman arrayed in little blanket and much dirt, who didn't know how old she was, and leaned on a staff as she walked barefooted, told the story of Alaska's neglect more forcibly than the greatest orator could tell it. Transferred to canvas by a Velasquez, she would create a revolution. This same hag sold me carved wooden spoons that had been in the family two hundred years.

Indian houses smell as did the quarters of Jonah when he lodged within the "whale," for the reason that salmon in every stage of freshness and dryness either boils in the pot on the fire or hangs suspended from the roof. These houses, however, are improving, and the idea of several families living under one roof is weakening. Ten years hence will probably bring about a revolution in this respect if proper influences are brought to bear on the natives. In the genuine Alaskan lodge there is no window, and no second story. The fireplace is in the centre of the floor on the ground, around which, at a distance of several feet, runs a continuous platform, which takes the place of bedrooms. Occasionally a curtain will separate one portion of the room from the other. The ground below the platform constitutes kitchen and reception-room. The head of the house sits opposite the door, his family and friends on both sides; while slaves, if there be any, sit with their backs to the door. The most interesting native house to visit at Wrangel is that of John Kad-i-shan, who has inherited all the worldly possessions of his late uncle, a chief of the Stickeens. Many were the curios in John's house, none of which would he sell, unless they had been made by other tribes. He sold me a Chilkat blanket which had been his uncle's dance-blanket. John willingly let it go, as he was about to trade in Victoria and wanted money. He is building, too, the best house in Wrangel, at a cost of $1500. It is the counterpart of any comfortable two-story frame house in any part of the country, and is a new departure for the Indians. John says nobody is to live in it but his own family of wife and two children. This is another departure; and where John's civilization will end no one can foresee. When he welcomed me to his roof—he still occupies his uncle's old lodge—he and his wife were entertaining a family of Haidahs from Queen Charlotte's Island. They had travelled two hundred miles in canoes, and were seated around the fireside, helping them-


TOTEM POLES AT WRANGEL.


FLOATING ICE, TAKOU INLET.


WRANGEL.



JUNEAU.

selves to the family potluck that simmered over the coals, at which several cats were warming themselves. When night came, these friends merely moved up on the general platform that runs round the lodge, and camped out in groups, supplying their own matting and blankets, which constitute a native's bed. In all probability when John moves into his new house he will invest in white man's furniture, including beds. I say in all probability advisedly, as I saw premonitory symptoms of advanced civilization that appalled me. In a corner devoted to relics of John's uncle-chief, and on top of the most valued of them all, my astonished eyes beheld a sewing-machine, a ghastly chromo, a pair of corsets, and—name it not in Gath—a—a bustle! It was enough to make every dead Stickeen chief turn in his grave.

Three hundred miles above Wrangel lies Juneau, the largest town today in Alaska, and the youngest. From nothing it has jumped to a population of one thousand whites, and is rapidly increasing. The secret of this sudden growth is gold—the talisman that peopled California, and is destined to produce like magical results in Alaska. Back of Juneau lies the mine of "Silver Bow Basin." Opposite, three miles away, is Douglas Island, with its famous Treadwell mine. Juneau is growing out of its own recognition, and within a few years will take on the airs of a town. To-day it is of course nothing but a mining camp, with some good men at the head of affairs. Very squalid is the Indian village at Juneau. The white man has been there with his corrupting lucre. The mission teacher has only just arrived with his Bible, spelling-book, and soap. Unfortunately for the Indian, so-called civilization inevitably begins at the wrong end. New countries first attract adventurous souls whose morals do not keep pace with their physical courage. The result is fatal to the inferior race.

In one dirty house, where the smell of dried salmon and halibut was overpowering, we found an old chief so curled up in a blanket before the central communal fire that his six feet of stature looked about three. He had consumption, like many another, and vowed that he was bewitched, consequently he should die. And if he died, he did not want to be cremated. "See to it that I am buried, not burned," said the chief in Chinook to the missionary with me. He certainly was not an imposing chief, lying there in his filth and misery and superstition. But he became less an object of pity when I learned that he had offered a consumptive daughter for sale cheap. Another daughter had died suddenly without bringing anything to the paternal coffers. When the second daughter gave signs of disease he quickly offered her for thirty dollars! That small sum was better than nothing. Not far from this chief's house was a young girl about twelve, wrapped in a blanket, with her face as black as a coal. Sitting on a log, she bent her head down and could be made to say nothing except that she was mourning the death of a relative. Blacking the face with soot and fish-oil is indicative of grief. Where we put on black clothes Alaskan Indians put on black faces. But grief is not the only cause of this application. Before long exposure to the sun, it is customary to apply oil and soot to the face in order to save the skin from blistering. Insects are also held at bay by the same means. Evidently there was a deal of grief in that community, for we encountered other women and girls with blackened faces. One old woman suspended her sorrow long enough to squat before me in the sand and offer her bracelets for sale. I gladly bought them.

When the troops vacated Alaska in 1876 two mules were left behind, one of which now belongs to a prominent miner in Sitka, and wanders about disconsolately seeking what it may devour. The other met with a tragic and singularly pathetic death at Juneau. In despair at being alone in the world, cut off no less from grain than from companionship, this melancholy wreck one day put his head into the door of a saloon, and gazed so pleadingly at the miners congregated therein as to touch their soft hearts. A collection was at once taken up, and forty dollars was set aside for the benefit of Juneau's only mule. Thus was food provided for this interesting animal. Around his neck hung a label upon which was inscribed, "I am hungry." Alas! in spite of human sympathy, Melancholy had marked him for her own, and one day, in a fit of depression not unmingled with disgust, our mule went down to the beach, put his head in two feet of water, and kept it there until he was drowned! Let no one doubt this pathetic story, to the truth of which every inhabitant of Juneau will swear. Had our four-legged friend had more patience he would have lived to consort with five horses, would have been made glad by the sight of burros, and might have given his services to help build streets that are rapidly transforming a mining camp into a town.

Fancy being one thousand miles from any rational amusement, and then perhaps you'll understand why citizens of Juneau waited upon me at seven o'clock in the morning with a request that I lecture while the steamer lay at the dock.

"But I must have breakfast first," I replied, "and the steamer will not wait long enough. Then nobody is up at this hour. Where is the audience?"

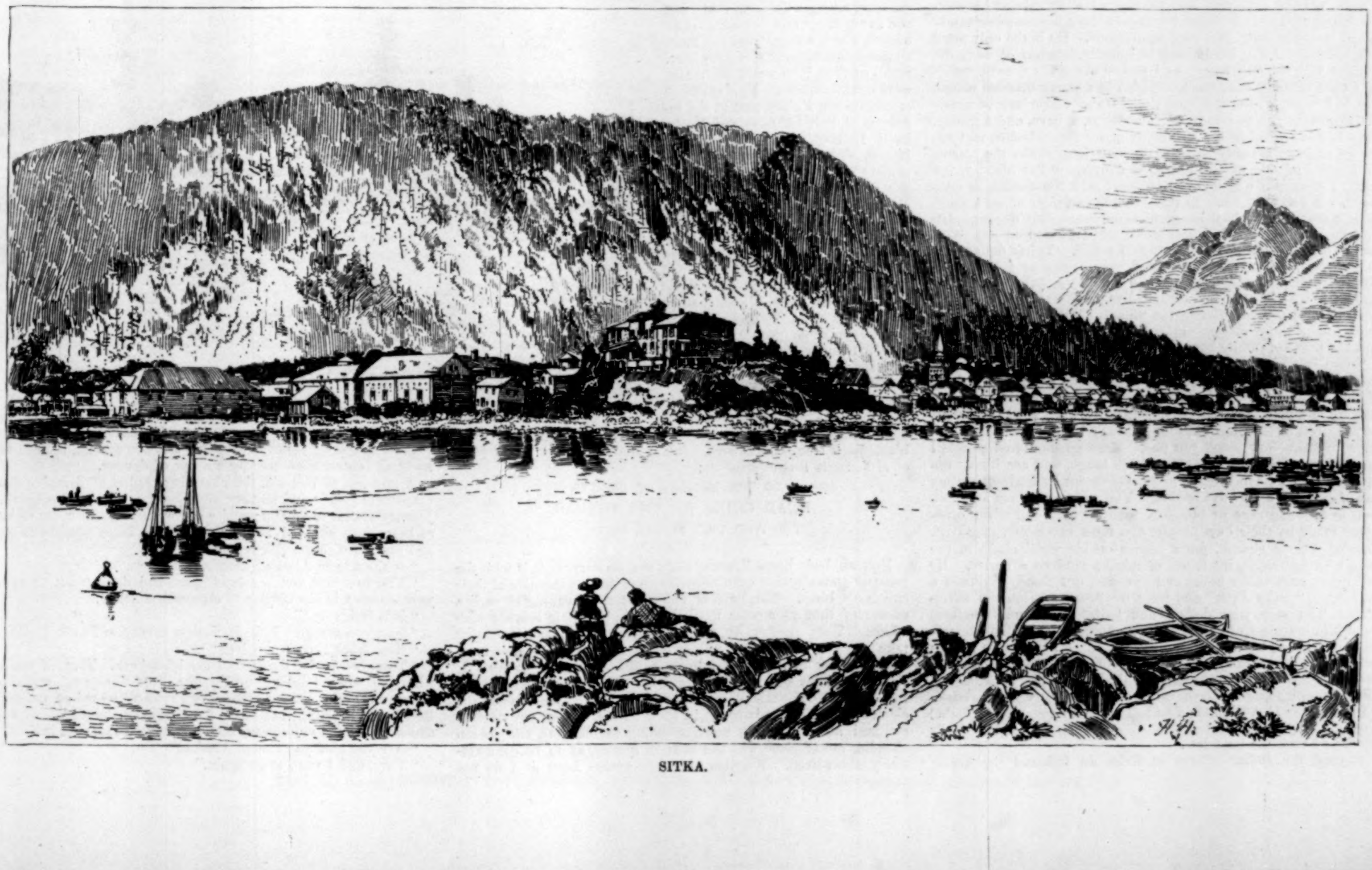
"Mostly in bed," said the enterprising editor of one of Alaska's two weekly newspapers. There are no dailies. Alaska has no telegraphic communication with any part of the world, and has no news. Once a month a steamer comes from Puget Sound and brings the remains of what was news. Remember that in summer nobody goes to bed in Alaska, because there is no night, until the next morning. Here was a dilemma. If the steamer had only deferred its arrival, but it had not. The Captain came to the rescue, as is the way with captains.

"I'll wait for you at Douglas Island until this afternoon," he said, "and you can come over in a steam-launch."

Douglas Island was only three miles away. The dilemma was no more. At ten o'clock the brass band of Juneau, consisting of four home-brewed musicians, serenaded me outside the best dance-house, which does extra duty as theatre. This band killed, as it were, two birds with one stone. It paid me a graceful compliment, and aroused the inhabitants to a sense of their duty. The lecturer had arrived, and they owed it to their country to abjure their breakfasts and appear upon the scene. In half an hour a large part of the white population assembled. The back door connecting the bar-room with the theatre was locked. On entering the building I was followed by an audience of several hundred men and a dozen women. Perhaps it is something to say that I am the first person that ever lectured in Alaska. And I never had a more attentive audience, with three exceptions. Two Indians, on discovering that a lecture meant "talkee, talkee," beat a retreat, and a setter dog, preferring his own voice to mine, set up a howl under the stage. That perturbed spirit would not rest until turned loose in the street. On concluding, I was presented with a vote of thanks, an Indian horn spoon, a bottle of virgin gold, a subscription to the *Alaska Free Press*, and—a dinner. The dinner was good, and at that dinner I ate Alaska cranberry pie. Alaska cranberries are the best in the world. I was given a jelly-cake—and such a jelly-cake! And I heard of an Alaska turnip that weighed nine pounds. I accept that turnip on faith, having seen Alaska potatoes that would do credit to any soil.

Alaska is the land of topsy-turvy. You find placer gold on tops of mountains, and you find the biggest stamping-mill in all the world on Douglas Island, where, with one or two exceptions, there is not a decent house to be seen. There, in sight, stands a mountain that is gradually being devoured by the mill. Its summit and part of one side have already been eaten up. Within three years three millions of dollars have been produced, though the ore is of low grade. It can afford to be so. Within a stone's-throw of the mountain is the mill; within a stone's-throw of the mill lies the steamer that receives the bullion and takes it to San Francisco. There is no descending into the bowels of the earth with hydraulic machines. The miners chip away in broad daylight, with ore enough in sight for the next fifty years; and when night comes, electric lights take the place of the sun, and make a weird scene worthy to be perpetuated by a great artist. Beyond the mill is the native village, that is but a repetition of Juneau—dirt and morals. Here and there is a comparatively neat house occupied by a mission Indian, or by a white man married to a squaw that has been to school. In one hut lay an Indian woman far gone in consumption, whose elder daughter goes nightly to the dance-house, urged on by that dying mother, who has actually forced the mission to give up her younger girl of eleven, on the plea that she was needed at home. This poor little thing is taken by her sister to the dance-house. What is the mother's object? Money. Here is a family group in a room ten by ten feet—an old woman with streaming gray hair and mahogany-dyed face, a middle-aged man and woman, four girls and boys, another woman busily plaiting straw, with one baby in her arms and another in a corner propped up against a pillow, three dogs and two cats—all making themselves comfortable around the sickly embers of their common fireplace. That one room constitutes the whole house.

It was a wet, gloomy morning when we steamed up to the broken-down wharf at Sitka, the capital of Alaska, and landed at our peril. My heart thrilled at sight of United States troops drilling on Alaskan green. These troops consisted of thirteen marines, one small gun-boat, the *Pinta*—and this stupendous force constitutes the United States navy in Alaskan waters! The guide-books will tell you that the bay of Sitka rivals that of Naples. It is beautiful, but I saw no similarity, and the sooner people stop comparing things dissimilar the better. Sitka has its charm, but it is not that of Naples. Mount Edgecombe, looming up 2500 feet to the west, is an extinct volcano, but it does not remind any sane person of Vesuvius. That the town as well as the situation of Sitka is picturesque is due to age and the Russians who inhabited it many years before the United States ever dreamed of buying Alaska. The Greek church is in good preservation, and remains interesting on account of the old paintings and vestments found therein. Of the two hundred Russians remaining in Sitka none are of pure blood; all are creoles—the result of intermarriage of Russians and natives, a mingling which is said to benefit neither. The creoles are apt to possess the vices of both races. They are prone to sell bad spirits and beer to the natives. Of course these creoles belong to the Greek Church, and send their children to the Russian school, where not one word of English is taught. With



SITKA.